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Carrollian Nonsense, by Walter de la Mare, on page 202

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Advice

WHEN wide reading became popular in the early nineteen hundreds, the optimists of that naïve day began to preen themselves. Here we are—the great democracy—they said, reading Shaw and Wells and Galsworthy, nibbling at Dreiser, and patronizing the new poetry. Ibsen is no longer a Boston byword and Browning is a commonplace in the schools. Soon the women's clubs will be reading history and biography, like the intellectuals. And soon, with the encouragement of war politics, they were. It was a cultural achievement that has been advertised with various kinds of ballyhoo until what once would have been called high-brow reading has become as much the thing as bridge or golf.

But the edge of the achievement, as so often happens in these planings and polishings of the democracy, has been a little blunted. It is not so sharp and so shining as we had hoped.

Biography and history and realism in fiction have responded to this unexpected demand from the public with an enthusiasm decidedly uncritical. It was good medicine for the serious writers to learn how to be interesting again, for they had quite forgot that useful habit of their predecessors. It was good for them to think of writing well while they were studying to write soundly. But there were not enough who were both sound and clever to supply the sudden demand for everybody's life and every country's history and fiction upon all the secret places of life. The hacks rushed in, the half-baked rushed in, the merely enthusiastic went home to write a book, and the widening stream of American reading began to show sand bars just beneath the surface, until readers found that they had to search for channels if they proposed to stay in deep water.

Breadth, for the moment, is a little overdone. Readers should be urged, in Mr. Morley's expressive phrase, to go off the deep end. A public already educated to read anything between covers needs to learn how to do some hard reading. Hard, but not dull reading. Some fiction, and some biography, and a good deal of history slips down as smoothly as a custard. You can absorb it easily, and what you get is good; but the supply of such literary nourishment is limited, and only a very limited area of life is transmissible in such a fluent medium. Easy poetry is sometimes good poetry, but not often. Easy biography is often an emulsion of convenient facts turned into fiction. Easy history tells you only what to think.

More wrestling with books is badly needed. The so-called cultivated minority in this country belongs to a generation educated in colleges where the classes expected to have knowledge pumped into them; where the institution was challenged to educate if it could. The reader acquires broad interests from such a system but little intellectual independence. He has never learned the platitude, that you get about what you work for in things of the mind, including art, and he has gone on into adult life asking books to do what his teachers did—cram him with sweet remedies for his boredom or indifference. He has learned to try anything in book form once, and that is a gain, but he has not learned how to read.

If there is one prescription that might be given to a people educated in this way, it is poetry. Modern poetry, with very few exceptions, has not been popularized. It is probably too remote from general interest, too cerebral, too lacking in the beauties of tone and sound and color. It has grown harder, more complex, more intricate, when the mode of a modern popular art, like architecture, has grown simpler. It is a cult poetry, written chiefly for poets and intellectuals. Our poetry, indeed, is probably not so good as the Victorian, but that is not the point. It is *poetry*, the intense and final expression to which prose only approximates, and it is *ours*, for it is all that we have or can get upon which our rain falls and our sun shines. For the reader who is open as to mind but slipshod in his reading, no exercise could be more profitable than to find out what modern poetry is about, and what it means to him. MacLeish, Jeffers, Robinson, Crane, Wylie, Millay, Aiken, Frost,—there is no lack, even in America. If he cannot read some of it, if it means nothing to him, that may or may not be the fault of the poetry. Real poetry is seldom predigested, makes no concessions to ignorance, assumes that the reader is intensely interested in the intensities of life. In reading good poetry, the reader must become more than his ordinary self if he is to assimilate what he reads.

This kind of hard reading is the best of all good reading. When we have more of it—and not only in poetry—it will be possible to boast of the new reading habits of the American public.

This Week

"The Last Paradise."
Reviewed by LUCILE DOUGLAS.
"Strike."
Reviewed by HERSCHEL BRICKELL.
"Seed on the Wind."
Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM.
"Baron Fritz."
Reviewed by EMERSON G. TAYLOR.
"Cecile."
Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT.
"Nothing to Pay."
Reviewed by EDWARD T. BOOTH.
Tonight in Philadelphia.
By EDWARD DORO.
"Quiet Street."
Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL.
"They Told Barron."
Reviewed by PAUL WILLARD GARRETT.
"The Resurrection of Rome."
Reviewed by BENARD IDDINGS BELL.
"Parade of the Living."
Reviewed by HOMER P. LITTLE.
"Full Fathom Four."
Reviewed by ALFRED F. LOOMIS.
"The Days of Our Years."
Reviewed by HARRY E. BURROUGHS.
"Memoirs of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough."
Reviewed by DAVID HARRIS WILLSON.
"Indecency and the Seven Arts."
Reviewed by JAMES ORRICK.

Next Week, or Later

The Adams Family.
By M. A. DE WOLFE HOWE.

The Island and the Fire*

By STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

HERE, on the pure verge of the outmost sand,
I heap the broken sticks that will be fire.

The tide is going out, out with the day.

I have known earth.
Water-veined earth, whose body we deliver
At harvest, with the sickle of the West,
With the hard music of a thousand reapers,
And I have seen,
Under the beat of reapers, under the clean
Implacable knife-dance of the whirling steel,
The child arise, the sunlocked child be born
—White flesh of earth, flesh of the honeymeal
Not yet ground into bread between the stones—
The fields lie quiet then. The fields are sleepers.
Only the red moon gleans among the corn.
In the long shack the tired men do not stir,
Sleep is their sweat, sleep is their hair and bones,
Sleep heavy as an anvil, fierce as lust.
The earth has yielded. We are done with her,
Dust of the harvest, mid-American dust.
Yet, if you put your ear
Close by the stubble-spear,
Close to the wheel-tracked ground
On such a harvest night,
You still will hear the sound
That is its own delight,
The water-voice, the voice of the living river,
The blood of earth, still beating the torn breast.

And I have touched the clod
Of Indian soil, the clay baked into god,
So rough and light, so curiously warm,
Dry as the rattles of the rattlesnake
Under the arrow-heat,
Soil of the arrow, soil of the blue storm.
Such soils are magic, though they grow no wheat.
They hold the austere medicine of the waste,
The bitter sagebrush-taste,
The coyote-cry, the camp of solitude,
And when the slow-voiced Indian women make
Pots from such soil, the clay beneath the smooth
Brown powerful hand has, in its shaping, blind
Atoms of magic, atoms of the wind.
The yucca-flower is there,
The Gila-monster's tooth
Crushed to imperial dust,
The feathered gods of the land,
The glitter in the air,
The glitter from the sand,
The caked, wolf-trodden crust
By the dead water-hole,
All this within the bowl,
All this beneath the hand.
Take up the brush and ring
The red and black design
Around the savage thing
And sell it to a fool
For something quaint and crude—
No Eastern snows can cool
That fever of the dried-up watercourses,
And though he fill it up with alien wine,
The cup from which he drinks
Was stained with fiercer inks
Than any grape gives back,

* This poem was delivered before the Harvard Chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa Society in June, 1930.

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Dust of the panther-track,
Dust of the crumpled skulls of desert-horses.

II

I have taken earth
In Georgia and Vermont. I have taken the brown
Cake of the leaf-mold where the stream runs down,
I have gathered the first blood-root of the year
(Its frail stem smelling of loam), I have seen the stripe
On the chipmunk's back and knelt by the Indian pipe
In wet green moss, by the drinking pool of the deer.

I have cut from the inland lawn
The bird-walked turf of dawn,
Matted, staining the knife, the strong roots hard to divide,
There was plenty where it grew,
It was square and heavy with dew,
It had fed the bee and the rose. I could not put it aside.

I have been drowned
In the red earth, deep in the three-cropped ground
Where any seed will bloom.
I have been buried in a richer tomb
Than any king's and risen with the seed.

My hands are stained with all the earth I have known.
My bone is the hard bone
Of the plow-breaking rock, my flesh the obdurate flesh
Of farmlands, that the naked rains refresh,
Old farmlands, many times sown and reaped, but still
Rebellious to the will,
Acres that wore the Morgan horses out,
Though they were stubborn and the best of their breed,
Acres of the scant harvest and the toil.

And when, for the space of a day, for the space of a night,
The soft South wind has scattered the snow about,
When the black icicle of March lies broken,
Broken with light,
And the cloud trembles and the word is spoken,
It is my body that the thawing springs
Sluice with new silver and the melted North,
It is my winters that are driven forth
Like the diminished ice, before the pound
Of freshets, harrowing the fallow ground,
It is my barrenness your floods assoil,
Dove of the waters, dove of the gray wings.

III

O great processional!
Here, on the last bare outpost of the sand,
Here, on the edge of land,
I cast my banner and your banner down.
Monsters of earth, creatures and shapes and forms
Fed at her seasons, watered by her storms,
I have adored you, I have followed you
Like the heartstolen child
Who hears, to his defeat,
The swan-voice from the wilderness, the solitary call,
Sudden and piercing-clear,
The death-horn of the year
And the new promise blown
By Autumn in the air
—Cold Autumn, loitering the windy wild
With his red hounds before him, giving tongue
And at his girdle hung,
Golden and living still, one shining tress of murdered Summer's hair—
And so must follow, follow through the town,
Only to wake at last, abandoned by the spell,
Alone and weary, in a hostile street,
And why he followed, he can never tell,
Although he knows that every step he trod
Seemed taken in the imprint of a god,
And still within his breast
The bones cry out for rest,
Rest underneath a wheel of stars and music from the stone.

I know that search. I know
The bitter after-throe,
The beauty, the betrayal and the chain,
And how stout heart and all-devising brain
Are but two cups of essences distilled
Out of a flower and a rotten bone
By the strange quicksalt of transmuting death,
And even the airy breath
No cloud-engendered stray
But a more ghostly clay,
Winged, but with dusted wings, spirit but spirit bound
And royally but mortally in cloths of pollen wound.
Nevertheless, here by the ebbing tide
I have lost earth; it is scattered out of my hand,
It is mixed with the pure, unbreeding grains of the sand,
With the slinger's stone, with the ridges of the cleaned shell.
This earth is cast. It is well.
This earth is past and its pride.

IV

So, as the equal night,
Descending, mingles heaven and the sea
In one great wave of darkness, that the weak
First stars of evening mark, but cannot light,
And the great planets beam
But with the sunken gleam
Of sea-fire on a drowning sailor's cheek,
Darkness obscure and waste,
Darkness to touch and taste,
Unearthly, everywhere,
I feed my own scant fire with scraps the sea has torn
And blow on it to keep the embers bright.
Beyond is nothing, nothing but the roar
Of the black breaker, striking the black shore
And the wet wind that haunts the ocean born.
But here, at last, the flame burns steadily.

O spirit, weary with the love of earth,
Broken beneath her riches,
Your wounds are bound at last, your wounds are healed
By fire and salt, by darkness and the tide;
Speak, speak, before you pass,
Creature of burning glass,
And tell me how I too may live, my enemy beside
And in my heart that enemy, and yet without despair,
And from what star in heaven forged, the metal of that shield
Against which every arm of earth is lifted up in vain?

No, no, it would not stay,
It was a spirit, and departed so.
And, far away,
In the dim courtyard, where the iron stakes
Are hung with seven veils of pearly cold,
The young beast, Dawn, the hunting-leopard, wakes,
Hungry for the new gold.

My ring of fire sinks into the gray ash.
I have kept the night-watch. It is time to go
Down past the flood line and the shelving brown,
Down where the wreck of darkness lies awash
In the fresh tide of morning, and the curled
Edge of the wave strikes down,
And cleanse upon a knife of hissing spray,
This heavy body, born again to day.

Spirit that watched, spirit that fled away,
The land-breeze strengthens now
On breast and throat and brow,
All ocean cannot scourge it out of me,
Morning returns and with it brings the world.
But, for an hour, phantom, we were free.

The Oslo correspondent of the London *Observer* writes to his paper as follows:

"A proposal to present Ibsen's Peer Gynt as a talking film is made by his grandson, Mr. Tancred Ibsen. Several years ago Mr. Tancred Ibsen was given the film right to the play by his father, the late minister, Dr. Sigurd Ibsen. A joint company is now being formed, and Mrs. Nina Grieg, the eighty-year-old widow of Edward Grieg, has given permission to use Grieg's music. Some of the scenes are being laid in the Norwegian high mountains, some at Suez and Egypt, and the rest will be staged indoors. Capital has been secured, and so far everything goes well.

"There is only one obstacle which has to be overcome, and that is to find the man to play Peer Gynt. Mr. Tancred Ibsen has gone to Sweden and approached the popular Lars Hansson. Some of the chauvinistic Norwegian papers are in a frenzy, and demanding Government intervention."

Folk-Loreleys

THE HOBO'S HORNBOOK. Collected and Annotated by GEORGE MILBURN. New York: Ives Washburn. 1930. $3.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

FOR some time I have thought of suggesting an added volume to the editor of those omniscient booklets which prognosticate the future of everything. The title would be "Frankie and Johnny, or, The Future of American Folk-Song." Its contents, no less than its scope, would ensure its popularity. Running through it there would be a slightly swaggering, even alcoholic blend of cynicism and sentimentality, but this is only to insist on the spirit rather than the letter. Actually the volume would have to consider the past before it could appraise the future. The volume I have in mind would be a cross between a thesis and an anthology, and would shape itself somewhat as follows:

"Frankie and Johnny, or, The Future of American Folk-Song" would begin with a consideration of the highly debatable question of what actually constitutes a folk-song. When, for example, does authorship cease and anonymity ensue? Is popularity, in itself, a touchstone? Is age? If so, how many years of oral preservation are required before a raw-edged narrative can take on the authentic patina? How far is environment responsible for the reshaping of the original version? Which leads to this most difficult query: What part of the best folk-poetry is communal? And has the community, in its collaborative role, improved or debased the material?

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When these questions are answered, the editor will start presenting his evidence in the form of his versions. Here another difficulty will threaten; for, the process being highly selective, the editor will have to be bold as well as authoritative. He will, it is hoped, avoid the professorial attitude, the sort that relies on variorum readings and weightily unimportant footnotes which dull interest and rob the lines of their pristine spontaneity. He will, as far as possible, restore the original lustiness, the coarse but essentially clean vigor of the broad ballads. Here looms another danger. The backwoods, to say nothing of the colleges, are full of will-o'-the-wisps, charming but misleading variations, adaptations, emendations, localizations,—many of them brighter if not better than the homely original. These, if the researcher trusts his charmed ear, are the lures that will undo him; these are—may I be pardoned the pun—the folk-loreleys. It is only when the editor steers clear of their deceptive music that he is on safe ground.

One more look at the prefatory past and the editor may begin to edit. He will, unless he is a blinded chauvinist, have to admit that, though our folk-stuff is wide in range, it is low in quality. Whether this is due to our cultural immaturity, to the dominant pioneering spirit which used up most of the creative energy, or to a long habit of dependence on imported literatures, the fact remains that our folk-poetry is not merely cruder but far less moving than that of any other nation. With pitifully few exceptions, it has none of the inherently dramatic tensity of the Scotch-English border ballads, none of the genuinely naïve or pseudo-pastoral simplicity of the French chansons and bergerettes, none of the unashamed sentiment of the German *Volkslied*. Its best moments—best dramatically and poetically—are in such foreign stories as "Barbara Allen," "Johnny Randall," "The Hangman's Song," "Sweet William," "The Butcher's Boy," "Lord Lovell," "Mary o' the Wild Moor," and other importations covered with a transparent veneer of localism.

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One must regretfully conclude that the most poetic American folk-songs of *native* origin are not those in the Anglo-Saxon tradition. They are the ritualistic American Indian dance—invocations and love songs—an oral literature that has defied assimilation —and the Negro spirituals, which, their mixture of exaltation and humorous incongruity, are undoubtedly the most compelling. Beside these full-throated and fervid chants, even the tree-felling rhythms of the lumberjacks seem anemic. No complete résumé can ignore such primitive and vital exhibits.

Nevertheless, subtracting the pieces of obviously foreign extraction and the ruined remnants of "cultured" poetry, the showing of purely sectional pieces

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is still impressive. There can be no doubting either the nativity or the validity of "Springfield Mountain," possibly the earliest of them all, "Young Charlotte," "Casey Jones," "Jesse James," "The Old Chisholm Trail," "The Cowboy's Lament," as distinguished from "The Dying Cowboy" which is an adaptation of an eighteenth century Irish ditty, "Starving to Death on a Government Claim," "John Henry," "The Gila Monster Route," "Chris Colombo," the most unreservedly ribald, and that autocthonous classic "Frankie and Johnny," which remains a compelling tale in any of its forms, a true ballad impervious to the Sunday school condensations and the call-house amplifications.

An examination of this tentative list will show that, contrary to the general belief, most of the American ballads are not Rabelaisian. Only two are bawdy and only one is actually unprintable. (There is, parenthetically, material enough for a limited edition to be called by some such erudite title as "Pornographia Americana," which would preserve the orally famous but generally unpublishable limericks, the best bull-pen lyrics, and the highly special ballads of the bordello.) Meanwhile the volume already outlined is there, practically ready-made. All it needs is the supervision of Mary Austin for the American Indian section, James Weldon Johnson for the Negro contribution, and an impartial general editor. The names of several possible candidates come to mind. There is Dr. Louise Pound, one of the foremost philologists in the country, a specialist in American speech, and the editor of an excellent handbook of native ballads. There is John A. Lomax, the recognized authority on cowboy literature and a collector of maverick tunes. There is Carl Sandburg, whose mammoth, if sometimes emasculated, "The American Songbag" disclosed the advantages enjoyed by one who was not only a sensitive recorder but a creator. There is Howard W. Odum, the North Carolinian, and his collaborator Guy B. Johnson who has devoted an entire volume to "John Henry" and that hero's relation to the more reprehensible "John Hardy." There is Newman I. White, whose collection of "American Negro Folk-Songs" is the most comprehensive to date, White's bibliography running to more than two hundred titles.

There are doubtless many others, but none, it seems to me, more fitted for the difficult task than George Milburn, specialist in Oklahoma sagas, annotator of rare campfire-jumble dialect, and compiler of "The Hobo's Hornbook." Milburn's qualifications are multiple: He is young without wearing his youth on his sleeve; he has that rare combination of enterprise, enthusiasm, and taste which marks the folk-lorist of the first water; his researches toward establishing the origin and amplifications of "Frankie and Johnny" have led him from New London to New Orleans; his short stories reveal a sympathy with the half-articulate, a sympathy held in control by a disciplined detachment. The collection just referred to bears witness to his energy. Here, in a scant three hundred pages, are gathered the songs of our proletarian *tziganes;* songs which, because of their gypsy-like character and phantom mobility, are almost inaccessible. Here are such little-known vagrants as "The Wabash Cannonball," "The Big Rock Candy Mountains," and the various "Monika Songs." Such verses may lack beauty, but they are not without a brusque, open-air camaraderie.

When Mr. Milburn errs it is on the side of catholicity. Thus a tear-yanker like "The Face on the Barroom Floor" is not, strictly speaking, a hobo song, but a parlor recitation dear to the elocutionists of the Grover Cleveland epoch; "Toledo Slim" has all the earmarks of the copy room with the stigma of newspaper verse in every line; "Away from Town" is an orthodox expression of "poetic" *wanderlust* (complete with "barren pavements," "limpid brooklets," and "country cheer") which happens to be the work of Harry Kemp.

This brings us back to the consideration of what constitutes a folk-song. In the end, Mr. Milburn, in common with every investigator, will fall back on the source as well as the way oral repetition has affected the purity of origin. A folk-song is conditioned by the blurring changes rung by its singers, whether they are slaves, cowboys, barber-shop quartettes, woodsmen, wobblies, undergraduates, or guttersnipes; its permanence depends on the power of its mutations. Thus the future of the folk-song is unlimited. The spread of the phonograph, the radio, the talkies may temporarily discourage folk-singing, but the pleasure of personal recitation is one that cannot be satisfied by vicarious mediums. Furthermore, the wide circulation of folk-songs tends to conventionalize them, to reduce them to a common level—and there is no greater leveller than the radio. It is quite possible that, commanding huge but standardized audiences, the radio may well cause an enlargement of the folk-song as a form; its very enormity of diffusion may create a new tradition and make national what is now regional.

Much is still in the making. The British-Indian verses of Rudyard Kipling have been distorted and parodied by anonymous bards who never heard of the author of "Mandalay." The folk-songs of the future may well be rifled from the lyrics of Robert Frost or the ballads of Robert Service. . . . But here I am assuming the role of clairvoyant and dictating the functions of the compiler. The book is still to be attempted. Meanwhile I await—and hail—the editor.

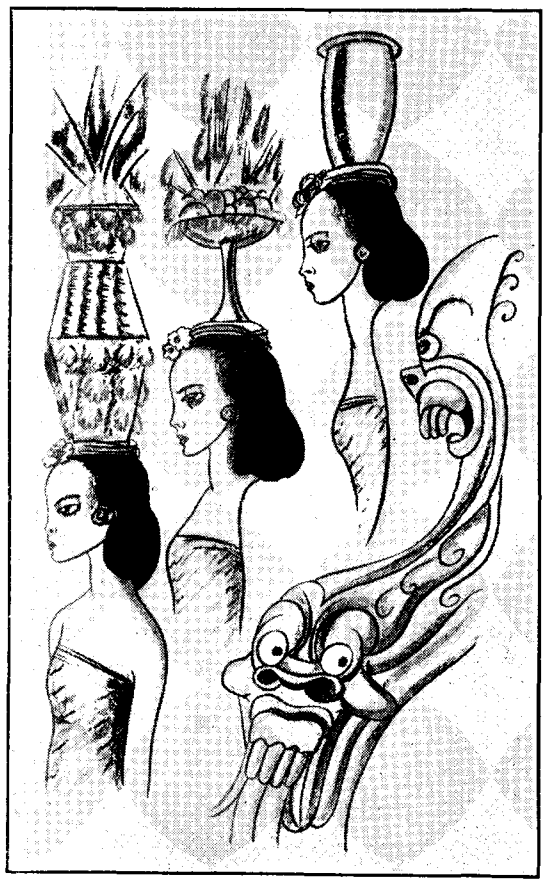

ILLUSTRATION FROM "THE LAST PARADISE."

A Still Uninvaded Eden

THE LAST PARADISE. By HICKMAN POWELL. New York: Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith. 1930. $3.50.

Reviewed by LUCILE DOUGLAS

ONCE or twice in a lifetime one reads a book that perfectly expresses one's own reaction to a circumstance or place. Many times in Bali I have longed to put into words that which I was striving to say in color—for Bali is not one-dimensional. To savor it fully, one must sense not only color but sound and rhythm. In his epic of the Baliness Mr. Powell has done this, for he has woven into his finely written tale a tonal pattern as rich and beautiful as one of their festal *kains*. I wish that I might have written that book.

It was not adventure that Mr. Powell sought in the East, but respite from the strenuous pace of modern life. He had waited a generation too long, for the ancient calm of the Orient has been routed by our so-called modern civilization, backed by commercialism. In place of thatched roofs and primitive carts he found corrugated iron and honking Fords. Finally in bitter disillusionment he came to Bali, that little island to the southeast of Java, whose Hindu civilization of near two thousand years ago still flourishes, curiously untouched by the foreign invasions that have swept over her more powerful neighbor. Fortunately for the peace of the inhabitants Bali has no harbor.

Coming to Bali for the usual three days' tour, Mr. Powell met André Roosevelt—and decided to remain. In Bengkel, a village in the southern part of the island, he made his home with a native family, from which vantage point he could watch the pageant of this people as yet unspoiled and unselfconscious as those who first visioned Paradise. Here he entered into their daily life, seeking always to find the secret of their utter serenity and freedom from care. I feel that this is the keynote of the book. In spite of the fact that Mr. Powell is so responsive to the beauty and grace of life on the island, he is more concerned with the cultural content of the race, which after all determines their ultimate outward expression. At no time does the writer project his own personality into the picture, but rather, like the *dalangs* in the *wayang wayang* or shadow show, manipulates his characters with such marvelous dexterity, that they dramatize their own story. So well is this done that when the last page is read, Kumis, in whose house Mr. Powell lived, Madé and Réntung, the two wives of his host, Renang, the Legong dancer, Ida Baggus Gidéh, the young Brahmana, and the dozen or more who come and go through the balé, or open living room, seem old and familiar friends.

At the dawn of the Christian era wave after wave of emigration swept out from India to Cambodia and Java, founding mighty empires. In Cambodia their magnificence culminated in Angkor. In Java the Majapahit kingdom flourished in splendor and died, smothered by Mohammedanism, but the Hindu culture in Bali miraculously survived, not alone in the ruined temples but in the living people.

While under Dutch control the Baliness are left to their own devices in a country so fertile there is no struggle for existence. There is food for all to be had with a minimum of labor, nor has our Western progress yet created the desire for Things. Consequently there is ample leisure which is filled out of a rich imagination of an energetic people with art and music, dancing, and the pageantry of great religious festivals. In their social structure art is not set aside for the gifted few but is the heritage of all, expressing itself in temple carvings of feathery lightness, in textiles and metal work of rare design. It is strange, but in the language of this artistic people there is no word for artist, only craftsman. As for music, it is the breath of life, which at times fairly rocks the island in an ecstasy of sound. It is in his description of the *gamelan* and the Balinese music that Mr. Powell is at his best. It is difficult at any time to put sound into black and white words, and especially to give any feeling whatever of Oriental music. He has done this and more, for he has put into his interpretation that something which does not come from mere practice, but from legendary airs handed down from father to son.

In this country where clothes play so small a part, where the women are nude above the waist, where perfection is met at every turn, there is a curious lack of sex consciousness. Even in their dances, the classical *legong* or the popular *jangar*, there is no sense of physical radiation. Mating is taken as the natural development, and with the need for food is plainly the fundamental thing in life and so accepted as a matter of course, with little fuss and bother.

On this island is found a nearly perfect social adjustment which is rooted in the early training of the child. Instead of being pampered, from its weaning days it takes its place in a society to which it must adjust itself. This possibly accounts for the complete unselfconsciousness of the Balinese, for no matter where you encounter them they carry themselves with a poise and serenity that comes only with a high social inheritance. There is a total lack of personal expression, not only in their dancing but also in their music and art. "The individual is but an unaccented beat in a poem that scans as precisely as the most conventional verse."

It is in the temples that one sees best the life of the people. The surging crowds press through the roofless arches. The sun glints on the gold and silver flowers decorating the head-dresses. The richly colored kains trail their brilliance in the dust. The air is fragrant with frangipani. Slowly down the long aisles of upthrusted palm trees a frieze of women moves, bearing on their heads the towering offerings for the dead. Slowly they pass through the gates to the inner court where dwell the Gods. Here religion is no dead ritual, but a vital part of their daily life.

Mr. Powell's excellent book is illustrated with unusual drawings by Alexander King and splendid photographs by André Roosevelt.

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The Life of a Genius

PASCAL. By JACQUES CHEVALIER. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1930. $5.

Reviewed by DAVID EUGENE SMITH
Columbia University

IN his "Génie du Christianisme," Chateaubriand paid this tribute to one of the most remarkable geniuses of his native land: "There was once a man who, at twelve years of age, with a few strokes and circles, discovered mathematics; at sixteen he had written the most learned treatise on conic sections known since classical times; at nineteen he had reduced the machinery of a science existing wholly in the intellect; and at twenty-three he had demonstrated the phenomena of atmospheric pressure and demolished one of the greatest errors in the physics of the ancients. . . . This man, at an age when other men are scarcely conscious of themselves, had completed the circle of the human sciences, perceived their vacuity, and turned his thoughts to religious matters, and . . . established on a permanent basis the language spoken by Bossuet and Racine. . . . This stupendous genius was known as Blaise Pascal."

Allowing due latitude for the sake of the rhetoric of which Chateaubriand was such a master, this sets forth briefly and with a fair degree of precision the reasons for the high esteem in which the world has held the man, and justifies the care which M. Chevalier has given to the preparation of the work under review. The scientific, philosophic, and religious worlds, if we may for the sake of convenience resort to this classification, have long been familiar with the contributions of Pascal to their several lines of interest, and his works themselves are well known, notably through the editions of Brunschvicg, Boutroux, and Gazier, but there has long been a need for the kind of study which culminated in the Grenoble lectures (1920-1921) given by M. Chevalier and which is now made accessible to English readers. The work is divided into nine chapters relating respectively to Pascal and his times, Pascal's youth, his "conversions," his life at Port Royal, his later years, his method, the Pensées, and "The Heart and the Order of Charity—Conclusions." Beside these chapters, and not less important, are the Appendices, wherein are given various comments which explain or amplify the text. Such, for example, is the historical and critical note on Pascal's "wager,"—"If your religion is false, you risk nothing by believing it true; if it is true, you risk everything in believing it false."

* * *

In general it may be said that the author has brought to his work a fund of scholarship that has not been equaled by any previous biographer of Pascal, that he has supported his arguments relating to the latter's opinions and achievements in a spirit of apparent sincerity and judicial fairness, and that he has presented his material in the lucid style which French writers have acquired through more centuries than have been given to most other peoples. To the scientist and philosopher it will seem that the religious life of Pascal has been emphasized too much; but after all, is not this the life to which he gave his best years, the life to which he gave his most profound thought, and the life which in the long run will mean most to the world? As M. Chevalier says, "As the years pass his renown has increased, and it will go on increasing. In proportion as the genius of France develops and thrives, and in proportion as the inner life of each one of us grows more mature, we understand him better, and as we understand him better, he seems to us at once both greater and more akin to ourselves, and also more widely human."

He had, as M. Chevalier asserts, no system of philosophy, and yet he ranks as one of the world's greatest philosophers. "In fact, with the passing of time Descartes and Pascal will no doubt appear to be the two giants of modern thought, as were Plato and Aristotle in classical times." The description given of the conflicts of the schools of thought in the seventeenth century is one of the strong features of the book, forming a setting for the explanation of the work of the leaders. In particular, it makes more clear to the average reader the reasons for the conduct of the young scientist who, at the age of twenty-three turned his attention from the physical to the metaphysical, and at the age of thirty-three buried himself in his humble cell at Port Royal.

To enter further into the story of Pascal's life or even to mention his works is impossible in such a very limited review as this. It should be observed, however, that the mathematical discoveries which he made are not adequately treated, and in some cases the reader will be misled, and perhaps a philosopher or a religionist would say the same with respect to the subject of his own special interest; but no one can peruse the work without feeling that the author speaks as one having authority and not as the scribes. His conclusion is a masterly summary of the achievements of one of the greatest minds of modern times, as indeed of all time.

One thing which will impress the seeker after truth in these days of world vacillation is the relation which Pascal, with such absolute certainty, asserts is to be found between mathematics, the most exact of all the sciences, and religion, in which the doubter finds no exactness whatever. The world may safely dismiss the opinions of a fanatic, but those of the scientific mind of a genius like Pascal are not so readily cast aside. Another thing which may well impress the religiously inclined is the number of points of contact between the faith and experience of this Christian apostle and the faith and experience of a Buddhist of the highest type; for the former sought to ascend by various distinct steps ("conversions") to an understanding of the Absolute, and the latter has always done precisely this.

To the Christian the book will be an inspiration to religious contemplation; to the philosopher, a stimulus to simplicity in the stating of profound truths; to the mathematician, an illustration of the results of the play of imagination in both analysis and geometry; and to the physicist, an impulse to scientific observation of the simple phenomena of daily life.

Gastonia's Tragedy

STRIKE. By MARY HEATON VORSE. New York: Horace Liveright. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by HERSCHEL BRICKELL

NOT so many months ago a New York reviewer roundly berated a distinguished Southern writer for continuing to turn out novels of the old, dead romantic South, and asked why, with Gastonia, North Carolina on the first page of every newspaper in the United States, he did not turn his attention to the burning wrongs of the mountain whites enslaved by cruel owners of cotton mills. The answer might have been, if any answer at all were needed to a criticism of an author's selection of material, that the South's labor troubles are a little too new and as yet too localized to serve novel writers. They lack perspective, and while there is no desire to minimize the gravity of the situation in North Carolina, nor to ignore its broad significance as a symptom of the rapid industrialization of an agricultural people, to attempt to make fiction out of them is to run the risk of writing journalistically, and of writing journalistically when what is needed is a simple straightforward statement of facts. The use of the novel form, no matter how closely these facts are adhered to, has the same disadvantage here that it has in the current novelized biographies. The person whose emotions are stirred is never quite certain what is true in fact and what is true only in the general impression created; the real characters are, indeed, more interesting when considered in their environment than any the ordinary author can create.

Mrs. Vorse's book suffers from the handicaps suggested in the foregoing paragraph. She has written it out of a close study of the North Carolina situation, and out of an intense sympathy with the workers who went on strike against cruelly long hours and small pay. She shows a considerable understanding of the mountain folk, although to any one who has known these people at all, her account of their pacific attitude is difficult to comprehend. Her suggestion of the complacency with which the "respectable" element of the communities involved—she lays the scene in "Stonerton"—viewed the strike, of the hatred with which the Northern agitators were regarded, especially by the Fundamentalist element who believed that their unwelcome visitors were atheists and taught and practiced free love, and of the unutterable stupidity with which officials and mill managers handled the situation, are all interesting, some as reflecting the peculiar conditions surrounding this strike, and others as conditions surrounding every strike.

A good part of the brutality in the book, even remembering that Mrs. Vorse's story is quite definitely partisan, is credible to any one who has ever had first hand acquaintance with county law enforcement officers in the South, deputy sheriffs in particular. As a class, these men are a stupid lot, as often as not definitely sadistic, who in ordinary times satisfy themselves with mistreating negroes; that they should have vented their savagery on white strikers when they had the full force of community sentiment behind them is as easy to believe as that there was a strike in North Carolina.

There is inevitable drama and tragedy in Mrs. Vorse's book, because both these things are implicit in even the barest account of the North Carolina strike. There is a feeling of pity over the death of her central figure, one of the Northern agitators, who had no trace of the martyr complex, and who did his job, which was organizing the union as well as he could, just as he would have done any other job. The death of the "ballet singer" is also moving. There is a renewed sense of shock at the retelling of the scene in the courtroom when a number of the strikers were on trial for murder when a dummy of the slain officer was wheeled into the courtroom, as complete a perversion of justice as ever left its blot on a judicial system that does not need any more blots. In other words, "Strike" is a readable account of actual occurrences, a good many of which shocked the nation at the time, but which were forgotten as promptly as America forgets any other first-page story.

* * *

I have read articles on the Gastonia situation that seemed, however, to cut deeper into the whole labor situation in the South than Mrs. Vorse's novel. The mill owners in the South have their side, and the complacently respectable bourgeois who declare that the poor whites are much better off in the mills and in mill villages than they were in their cabins and on their pathetic farms, are not entirely wrong. So with all the anger and the sorrow that may be aroused by Mrs. Vorse's book there is the inevitable feeling that one is reading a piece of special pleading.

If one may detach one's self from the material of the book, which is difficult, since it is the material that gives the book whatever importance it may have, and try to judge it as a piece of fiction, there is not much to be said for its merits. The style is commonplace, the dialogue often studied and obviously designed to bring out certain of the author's points, and the whole, as has been suggested, too near journalism to have any especial importance as a work of art. Perhaps there will be those who will discover in it a reason for rereading the news stories of Gastonia's tragedy; perhaps a few will even go so far as to wonder what is being done to prevent a recurrence of such calamities. If so, the novel will have served its moral purpose, whatever its faults otherwise.

Apropos of a copy of the first edition in English of Franklin's Autobiography which it has in its stock, Dawson's bookshop of Los Angeles has the following to say in its catalogue:

"This famous volume first appeared in French, in 1791. Willian Temple Franklin, the grandson of Ben, went to London to arrange for the publishing of papers left him by his grandfather, arriving just in time to halt the issuance in English of two translations of the French edition of the Autobiography that had been published by Buisson in 1791. On his positive assurance that he would soon bring out a complete edition of his grandfather's works, the publication was delayed two years. In 1793 they both appeared, the one bearing the imprint of J. Parsons and the other, edited by Richard Price, bearing the imprint of G. C. and J. Robinson. William Temple Franklin didn't publish his volume until 1817."

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Dorothy Canfield, Novelist

THE DEEPENING STREAM. By DOROTHY CANFIELD. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

EIGHTEEN years ago Dorothy Canfield published her first novel, "The Squirrel Cage," which brought immediate recognition. I do not know whether she had written other works before that or not; but at all events she did not allow the success of one book to float a series of early failures, but was rather emboldened to continue in her chosen career. Her story, "The Bent Twig," is on the whole the best novel of university life in America that I have seen. It is as free from sensation as it is from propaganda. It gives fairly and sympathetically the whole range of student activities in a mid-western State University, inside and outside the curriculum; and it deals faithfully with faculty politics.

All of her novels are autobiographical, being written exclusively out of her own experience and observation. A sketch of her life is the ground plan of all her books. She received a thorough education in France, knowing the language, the literature, and the people as an intelligent native would know them; her father was President of a State University, and later Librarian of Columbia; she spent several years in France during the Great War, taking care of French orphans and French blinded soldiers and their families. She is happily married, has children, is tremendously interested in their training and development; she lives in a Vermont village, preferring the country to the city, and believing that the various types of human nature may be studied more thoroughly and accurately in the village than in the metropolis.

These experiences she has transferred to her novels; school and college life in America, the daily commonplace events and inhabitants of a small village, the world tragedy in Europe, the small shop-keepers of France, the interior of an American home.

Her stories seem to be verifiably true, because they are never written with scorn or with the endeavor to prove anything; unless it be to prove that ordinary day-by-day life may be filled with excitement, that love may grow in the intimacy of marriage stronger instead of weaker; that there are just as many Main Streets in Europe as in America; that the society of one's own children is more diverting than the average crowd at a Night Club.

* * *

Her intense, absorbing interest in all these things in her own daily life have naturally yet regrettably caused the chief defect of her work. Every one of her novels, with the single exception of her masterpiece, "Her Son's Wife," is too long. There are too many words, too many details, too many repetitions, too many conversations, too many descriptions. Of course her method, which may be called conscientious realism, could hardly allow her to write with the compression of Prosper Mérimée or Thornton Wilder. But I believe that even a novelist of her experience and success, could learn something in concision.

The astonishing thing is that she has never learned it from the masters of French prose. There are very few men and women in America who know the French language and literature with the depth, range, and accuracy of scholarship possessed by Dorothy Canfield; indeed she took her Doctor's degree in Old French. During the war, she was distressed to see hundreds of American girls and women, with a little boarding-school French, arriving in France to "do their bit," and in many cases being horribly in the way, and often even when not themselves sick in the hospitals, being a burden. Her own knowledge of the French language is like her knowledge of French peasants, so complete that they looked upon her exactly like one of their own people.

This being so, and it is so, why has she never in her full-length novels followed the standard of French prose, with its beautiful economy? Her own short stories, admirable works of art, display the emphasis of ellipsis; but in her novels, she is either so absorbed in her own characters, like a doting mother with her children, or she is so afraid the picture will not be made entirely clear, that she falls into that repetitious method, which has prevented so many college professors from doing any creative writing of distinction.

In her finest book, "Her Son's Wife," one of the best American novels of the twentieth century, she was saved from excess of verbiage by concentration on three persons—mother, son, and son's wife; also by that inexplicable thing—inspiration—which glows on every page. The same passionate fire brought into being those sketches called "Home Fires in France," which made them a true interpretation to Americans of the hearts of the French people. But in "The Brimming Cup," a painstaking attempt to tell everything about the persons concerned, one cannot see the forest for the trees.

"The Deepening Stream" is a better novel than that; it is one of her major works. And if the reader has the patience to study it with unflagging attention, he will be rewarded by many observations of human life and character, and by an acquaintance with real people. A professor and his wife, who are drawn from one college to another by a slight increase in salary or by some other allurement, will

EDITH SITWELL

From a portrait bust by Sava Botzaris (Courtesy of Fifty-sixth Street Galleries).

See page 212

be immediately recognized by academic circles. It is a fine touch where such "birds of passage," in speaking of various events, cannot remember in which college or town they occurred. Well, these two fall into that bickering so common between ordinary husbands and wives in the presence of others, and so distressingly tiresome to witness; but the core of life is revealed in a splendid scene at the deathbed. We are made to consider their three children, who represent three types of character, almost too well classified; one of these is the heroine of the book, and I do not remember seeing elsewhere so impressive a description of "the deepening stream" of the individual's experience after marriage. It really is a book that "every young woman ought to read." She would learn many things to her advantage.

I sometimes think that Dorothy Canfield, who has a deservedly international reputation, would be even a greater novelist if she did not possess so much commonsense. She knows actual life so well, her ideas are so rational, so sound, and so sensible that her love of truth and reality may actually stand in the way of her reaching the hightest altitudes.

Winterism

SEED ON THE WIND. By REX STOUT. New York: Vanguard Press. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM

MR. STOUT had the good or bad fortune, depending on the angle of vision, to have his excellent first novel, "How Like a God," placed with critical enthusiasm in the "unusual" class on account of its original device in presenting its story. And so the book was read and discussed primarily from the standpoint of form when its penetrating psychological content was surely the real matter of congratulation for both the author and the reader. But it was read and discussed which, after all, is the important point in the case of a first book.

"How Like a God" was a striking flashlight picture of a negative character: "Seed on the Wind" is the full, finished portrait of a positive one.

Few mystery stories achieve in their first chapters such complete bepuzzlement of the reader as does this crimeless novel of a woman's life. And it is a testimonial to the interest of "Seed on the Wind" that most readers will be unable, after the idea of the story is clear, to resist turning back to reread the opening in the light of the later understanding.

Cora Winter is different and she is real. If it were not as much as a book reviewer's life is worth to mention Emma Bovary in connection with any contemporary novel one could say with more pertinence than is usual in such comparisons, that Cora is the obverse of the truth that is Emma. She is another human truth. Bovarysm has been called the will to see things as they are not: Winterism would be called the will to see things as they most precisely and ironically are.

Cora's story is told in reverse. She has had a succession of fathers to her children—they can by no stretch of the imagination be called lovers—and Mr. Stout begins with the story of the current father. He is middle-aged, Jewish, and kindly and scrupulous in all his dealings. He is married and has no children of his own, although he is the putative father of his wife's two offspring: he wants a son and in seeking a suitable mother he thinks of Cora Winter who has just lost through death the father of her latest baby. Careful investigation follows. Cora is found worthy and the proposition is placed before her. She is amused, perhaps she is a little flattered, for the being a mother she finds the only satisfactory thing in the world, and she is intrigued as she wants another baby.

In this relationship the reader comes to know Cora. Her calmness, her good sense, her kindness, and above all her humor which is of the healing, healthful, vulgar (as the earth and sun and air are vulgar) sort. Knowing Cora's rich tolerance, her understanding fecundity, is a pleasant relief in these days of hard, glittering heroines for whom sterile experience is the end and aim of their accelerated lives. Cora has about her the age of growing things that bud and blossom and give up their fruit without despair, and she has about her the modernism that permits a woman to direct her life a little way along the long way that she wishes.

You may read "Seed on the Wind" with no desire ever to reread it, you may give the book away when you have finished it; but you will not forget Cora, just as having read Rex Stout's first novel you will not have forgotten from it that ungodlike creature who climbed the stairs to anti-climax.

A Tale of the Second Empire

PETTICOAT COURT. By MAUD HART LOVELACE. New York: The John Day Co. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by HENRY WALCOTT BOYNTON

FOR some or no reason the author of this delightful romance of the Second Empire has not yet reached the wide audience she deserves. Her two earlier novels, "The Black Angels" and "Early Candlelight," were full of vigor and beauty, tales of the near past of the midland country in which she was born. "Petticoat Court" has a different setting, but its time still is the past. The book, we are told, "is an outgrowth of a winter spent in New Orleans and an earlier brief stay in the Paris Faubourg with which the story deals."

Chloé, the heroine, is a lovely child of New Orleans. In the tumultuous years of the Civil War her father has died and she has married his middle-aged partner, a Frenchman of noble birth. She is but seventeen, lovely and merry, with a real affection for her elderly spouse but quite "unawakened." Now, on the eve of Butler's reign in New Orleans, her husband has sent her to the safe keeping of his sister the Marquise de Chaligny, in the Faubourg St. Germain. The Marquise is a grand dame of the old régime, stubbornly faithful to the Bourbons and openly contemptuous of the trumpery Emperor and his consort Eugénie, "the grand-daughter of Kirkpatrick the wine-merchant."

At the Hotel de Chaligny Henri the Fifth is still King. But the Marquise has an intimate friend who chooses to frequent the Court. Chloé is fascinated by the charm of Eugénie. The Marquise permits her to go to Court in order to work for the recognition of the Southern cause. The Emperor hitherto has kept safe on the fence, and now, beyond some friendly ambiguities, Chloé gets nothing from him or the Queen. Eugénie takes her up as a new

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ornament and plaything, that is all. But at Court Chloé is thrown more or less with a handsome young Baron, and between them a blameless romance develops.

He is a surprisingly chivalrous youth for that gay time and place. Chloé is in no conscious way unfaithful to her absent husband. But the Baron is her natural mate, and we know that destiny will presently smooth the road for their happiness. The husband falls presently, in the service of the Confederacy.

Meanwhile the comedy of life in the Faubourg St. Germain, last stronghold of the Bourbon influence, plays on. The Marquise de Chaligny theoretically despises the present régime and refuses to have anything to do with Eugenie's court. Secretly she comes under the enchantment of that beautiful upstart; until at last the Empress takes her in hand for Chloé's sake, and conquers in a moment. The curtain falls on a pretty tableau, pleasantly colored, softly lighted, with the lovers doing what they are appointed to do in the foreground.

So much for the book as a graceful bit of romantic comedy, a good "value" as such. It is also a careful study of the period, based not only on the usual authorities, but on painstaking research among the newspapers and magazines of the time, where, says the author, "she found the life of the Second Empire most clearly pictured." The style is light, easy, and pointed. The book conveys without apparent labor a spirited impression of a period which has remained more than commonly muddled and confusing. The figures of the second Napoleon and his Eugénie, the atmosphere of his court, and the cross-currents at work beneath the surface of French life in the 'sixties, emerge with surprising clearness. And in the distance, by indirection, through the mind and heart of this little female rebel, and reflected with much distortion by the press of England and the Empire, we follow as if for the first time the course of the American struggle.

War, War!

BARON FRITZ. By KARL FEDERN. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1930. $2.50.

NO HARD FEELINGS. By JOHN LEWIS BARKLEY. New York: The Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by EMERSON G. TAYLOR

THE material for Karl Federn's lively record of a young German artillery officer's adventures in the Great War was drawn from the personal notebooks and diaries of actual participants in the conflict. By setting the scenes of the narrative on the Russian front, later with the Turks in Palestine, and finally in Flanders and Picardy, the very distinguished author is enabled to present a dazzling variety of campaign pictures, a gallery of often satirical character drawings, and countless snapshots of life in and just behind the German battle lines, all vigorous, all high in color, all executed with dash and spirit, full of atmosphere. And while the verisimilitude of each incident, grave or gay, is undoubtedly strengthened by its being founded on fact, the pictures are unrolled at so fast and furious a pace that the average artilleryman, perforce a somewhat sedentary person after trench operations began, may be excused for wondering that one of his crowd could experience so very much of life in even four long years.

By way of explaining his hero, the author endows him with a French patronymic and an Irish ancestry; but perhaps a clearer insight into Baron Fritz's nature might have been afforded by stressing his probable descent from the illustrious Baron Munchausen. Whatever his ancestry, however, and whatever his amazing luck in being always on the spot whenever anything of interest was toward, the gallant, skylarking, hardworking battery commander is invariably attractive when sober, and most amusing when drunk—a state, one deduces from the evidence of many purple passages, which appears to have been normal if not regulation whenever two or three of the All Highest's combat officers were gathered together and off duty. Since the favorite beverage of these hardy warriors was mixed rum and claret, with which they washed down Gargantuan quantities of roast pork, the layman, reading of the war, wonders anew that the Central Powers put up so magnificent a fight for so long a time. It is refreshing, at all events, to read a war book in which the characters take fighting and fun as they find it, death as almost inevitable and therefore unimportant, with victory or defeat as mere turns of capricious fortune. Thousands upon thousands of honest soldiers, who did their bit not only with zeal but zest, would recognize Baron Fritz at first sight as one of their company. He can be philosophical even about the breakdown of the splendid German war machine, to which he added an ounce of power with his very last breath save one. That he expended on a kiss.

In this week's other narrative of a soldier's life, John Lewis Barkley, late Corporal, K Company, 4th United States Infantry, tells the world that he and his gang were exceedingly tough *hombres*, that, in the Second Battle of the Marne and in the Meuse-Argonne operations, he killed a vast number of bloodthirsty Germans with his trusty rifle, by serving a machine-gun, or with pistol and knife, that he was profusely decorated, was always in the fore-front of duty and danger, and spent a furlough in Paris with Marie. Ho-hum!

À la Sévigné

CECILE. By F. L. LUCAS. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

THE late C. E. Montague, reviewing "Monsieur Beaucaire" when it was first dramatized, pointed out for our amusement the tendency of historical periods to grow more and more conscientiously characteristic of themselves, so that Stevenson's "Beau Austin" is more Georgian than "The School for Scandal," and "Monsieur Beaucaire" more Georgian than "Beau Austin." The reader who has observed this, and who opens a new book to find himself in France in 1775, resigns himself to another volumeful of snuff and patches and powder for the hair; but if the book is "Cecile" he will be agreeably disappointed. For "Cecile," though it bears the outward appearance of a costume piece, is no more oppressed by a sense of its period than by Madame de Sévigné's letters.

One is indeed at once reminded of her on reading "Cecile." A great part of Cecile is made up of conversations, in country chateaux where there is nothing else to do, or in Parisian salons where there is nothing better to do; and Mr. Lucas, like Mr. Thornton Wilder, actually can write like Madame de Sévigné. There is the same wit never very brilliant but never wholly absent, the same amusing and mildly piquant anecdotes, the same sense of a game played by a number of minds, none of them great but all kept constantly in the pink of athletic condition. All the cross-currents of the time are there, Rousseauism, Voltaireism, *l'Anglomanie*, the arguments of reform and of *laissez-faire;* and from it all emerges a picture of a period not so unlike our own. The resemblance is never forced, never gives the impression one gets from Mr. John Erskine of a number of ultra-moderns whom the author has for pure fun chosen to dress up in cuirasses or chitons; but the resemblance is strong enough. We are in a society of luxury and leisure, based upon an outgrown economic theory that nobody can replace, where periodic crises, each worse than the last, are regarded as inevitable; where nobody knows what he wants. Some of the characters develop in ways that we can recognize; the romantic libertarian, a disciple of Rousseau, goes off to help the American rebels, hoping to die to make men free, and comes back disillusioned, declaring that the liberty of the colonies, if they had persistently desired it, must have come without bloodshed by the mere growth of their population, if the fathers of the young republic could have restrained their impatient idealism, and that no cause is worth such suffering to the uninterested mass of the people. These and other parallels are never insisted on, but they are easily perceptible, and one grows almost frightened by their multiplication, until one remembers that in historical fiction the romance, from Scott down to Mr. Sabatini, emphasizes our similarity.

It must be confessed that, though all this talk is extraordinarily good, some readers will feel that there is too much of it; they may even abandon the book before, in the second half, the plot gets well under way. This would be a pity, for the plot is excellent, as delicate and as modern as the rest of the book, and the climax is highly dramatic. But it is an undeniable fault in "Cecile" that the difficulties which lead to the catastrophe are not sufficiently insisted on at the beginning. If one lost the book after reading the first half one would feel that one had lost a volume of most interesting memoirs, but that after all one might as well stop there. But in the second half one has the feeling many people must have wished for in reading a collection of letters, that like the lucky recipient, one really knows the people who appear, and can understand the drama of their lives.

Taffy and His Fellows

NOTHING TO PAY. By CARADOC EVANS. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by EDWARD T. BOOTH

ASKED to choose between hypocrisy and cynicism as a means of taking comfort and getting on in the world, Mr. Caradoc Evans, during his literary apprenticeship, let us suppose, when he was also a shop assistant in London, dodged the issue and began to write rather savagely of what he had seen going on about him for many years. This got him into trouble at once with the people of his own race—the Welsh—whom he wrote about in his first book (published in 1915), because he knew them best, no doubt.

This first book, in fact, was burned ceremonially in Welsh towns and villages. Evenas was even treated to violence and became, Thomas Burke says, "more detested than any other writer of today," the Welsh reacting most conspicuously to Evans's inquisitorial process against human nature, because the name of Taffy was used instead of John Doe, John Bull, or who not. The same indictment written as Dean Swift did it in "Gulliver's Travels," without naming a country on the map of the world, might have been praised as a work of Welsh genius by Evans's countrymen. Who knows?

Not that Evans spares what are said to be especial failings of the Welsh, failings which are to be found throughout the habitable globe and balanced elsewhere in any general reckoning of moral profit and loss by other alleged national or racial vices. Evans set to work with his formidable gifts on the Welsh first, that is all, and they took it hard.

But the point is that he detests the lying and malice and gluttony of one kind or another, and the cowardice and hypocrisy that are not only not uncommon wherever two or three are gathered together in Wales, perhaps, but also notable everywhere else in the world, if we may believe the reports that keep coming in from the novelists of all the nations. And he does not simply shrug his shoulders over these frailties, dismissing them in the manner of what the French once called *un homme honnête*, or of the "well-adjusted" person, as we say today. He must vomit his experience of them with a savage grin.

The result of this indecorous response to human imperfection is, in the case of "Nothing To Pay," powerful satire. It is not at all the malicious gossip of the "sophisticated" novelist about persons whom want of character and want of purpose lead into cursory trials of what energy they have left to them in shabby intrigues of one kind or another. Evans's peasants and floorwalkers and madames of short time houses and sailors and professional drunkards are, no mistake, fighting for their very lives in what biology calls "the intraspecific struggle," or what is spoken well of by the more fortunate often enough as "competition."

The hero of "Nothing to Pay" has cultivated avarice as the best means of keeping himself fit and steady for this battle, as it goes on in the lower middle classes and lower. How well it serves him as he rises from the country poverty that bred the love of money in him, through years of counter jumping to the attainment of property, is the story of the novel. The people he steadily creeps up among and over are, most of them, cut in the same pattern of religiosity and cynicism, but in the case of a good many of them the pattern is fearfully and wonderfully mixed with good-humored gluttony or downright bestiality. They are, in fact, at their best like grotesque animals of the comic strips and at their worst like those appalling presentments of human nature, Swift's Yahoos. It is not taking Dean Swift's name in vain to say so.

Writing editorially of Rabindranath Tagore, the *Manchester Guardian* says: "Mr. Tagore is a remarkable figure—poet and prophet, held in greater esteem outside his country than in it. He probably bears the same sort of relationship to the national movement in India as the poets of the Celtic revival bore to Sinn Fein; and his ancient India is perhaps as imaginative as their Celtic twilight."

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The Bowling Green

John Mistletoe
XII.

MISTLETOE'S way of studying Shakespeare was oblique, but Shakespeare himself would have understood it perfectly.

The ship sailed at midnight. There are queer intimations of mortality in those midnight sailings; allegory sometimes slips in as a stowaway. They could only happen just so in New York, the divinely insane town that Shakespeare would have relished so keenly. Bunyan, hardly so much. The semi-hysterical leave-taking parties in staterooms, the hallooing crowd on the pier, the scuffle round the gangway when the last visitors are being firmly pushed off by patient British quartermasters. All ashore that's going ashore. The proud and rending cry of the whistle as she begins to slip sternward into open river. A sudden silence falls along her laundered decks as she turns in the dark stream and heads toward longitudes. How tall and black are those downtown buildings.

All ashore that's going ashore; this is no picturesque narrative of oceanic humors; we're going to talk about literature. And the well-wishing adventurer setting forth, somewhat lonely and tired and incredulous, now observed that the friends who came to see him off had finished the Scotch. Methodical as usual, he did a little sedative unpacking. He put out on the reading shelf his fat one-volume Complete Shakespeare. But he went to bed with a chance E. Phillips Oppenheim. Never once in the whole six weeks did he open that other. It was queer, for surely the Plays offer us the most mysterious of all detective stories, and the avowed purpose of the expedition (he told me gravely) was "to think about Shakespeare." He did, a great deal, and I shall transmit, as far as I think prudent, what he has confided. He went, in love and humility and foreboding, to recapture what he could of Shakespeare and England and gin-and-ginger-beer. I am content to let him do it in his own way.

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Oh Shakespeare, whoever you were (does it much matter?) how the mind of the artist runs out to greet you. Dull, vulgar, cruel, you often were; and then burst upon us with such glorious stuff: life become pure rhetoric, life made worth-while for us animals of posture. How they have tried to bury you in owl-droppings and cinders; made you a discipline for the young and green in judgment. "How the man must have suffered," cried the solemn Nietzsche, "to be so much in need of playing the clown." Perhaps you played the clown because you enjoyed it. In joy and horror and thanksgiving the mind flies to meet you. You have become more than just yourself. You have become symbol of the creative passion and instinct. To think about you, to camp and picnic on the fringes of your Forest of Arden, is not to look cowardly backward but to dream forward for achievement to come. You are our lost Atlantis and also our tomorrow morning.

He had long suspected, he told me, that Shakespeare was important; but he wanted to begin again at the bottom (the only place to look for Atlantis) and find out whether Shakespeare was important for John Mistletoe. Whether he might be important for anyone else was secondary. The study of Shakespeare requires thinking about the whole problem of artist-temperament, which is always disconcerting to good people who are Fond of Literature. Further, Shakespeare comes to us involved in all the human association of those who have read and ranted and muddled over him so long. How can we dig him out of that? or do we want to? His total impact on our present minds is greater than the sum of everything he wrote. It is an accumulation of innumerable awarenesses. Lively writers scoff at the haggling devotion of scholiasts who have argle-bargled over minutiæ. But why not let them be happy with what they understand. May not each man dig in the garden as him pleases best? What will he find anyhow but himself? The mere survival of the text, from a litter of hen-tracks, is miracle enough. That was no mean triumph for much-abused humanity. It had its Shakespeare and recognized him. He wasn't even censored. There was a star danced and under that was he born.

And what happiness can compare with that of the man who has some maggot in his head about Shakespeare. The ciphers, the theories, all the notionable conjectures, what fun they are. Read Frank Harris's two books on him if you want to see a man having a good time. They are worth reading, too; they deal with Shakespeare as though he were human, with blood current in him, acting on motives a masculine creature can understand. But they are not likely to be approved by professional scholars.

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So Mistletoe tried for a few weeks, on highway and heather, on bowling greens and on London streets, in public houses or under English sky, in the smell of air and the voices of people, to distinguish what might still be identifiable of the essence that created Shakespeare. He did not look in the British Museum, nor even in the Birthplace itself. (There is a pub just opposite the birthplace which would be better covert to trail so runnable a stag.) Even on shipboard—"huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea"—there are many glimpses that bring the mind subconsciously back to its theme. In the precise slant of those tall funnels, in the greasy spinning silver of a propeller shaft, in an engine-room worker wearing a monkish conical hood of sacking beneath the oily throw of huge cranks, were the finalities of art. A ship is the high cathedral of artifice, an anthology of paradox; every line of her is both theology and epigram. How much did Shakespeare really know about ships? He did very well with the smattering he had: books have even been written on his use of sea lingo—as they have on his knowledge of flowers and birds and fishing and deer-stalking. (The only thing that ever seriously troubled the English about him was the legend that he had been a poacher. They are a nation that believes in game being killed according to strict etiquette.) He was careful at least to distinguish (e. g. *Comedy of Errors* I,1,76-77) between *ship* and *boat,* which few landsmen do; though the famous passage about the drowsy ship-boy asleep on the high and giddy mast always seemed to me very unseamanlike. There's not much sleeping done in the crow's nest. But at any rate I'm sure Shakespeare would have loved deck tennis.

There were days of sunshine, when the Gulf Stream water pumped clean into the canvas swimming tank was as warm as 80°; and even that mid-Atlantic water seemed emblematic: it was as much saltier than coastal water as Will himself is more vital than Ben. There were also days of fog, and then the Lizard and Eddystone and Plymouth. And as though the age of Elizabeth were coming out to meet him, in that green harbor was the tender *Sir Francis Drake.* At the North River piers it is usually the helpful Barrett family that nuzzles one in—the tugs *Grace A. Barrett, Geo. N. Barrett, Edw. E. Barrett.* But at Plymouth it is *Sir Francis Drake* or *Sir Richard Grenville*—symbols of England's sense of romantic continuity. There also he noted the increasing divergence of our two languages. An American girl and an Englishman had most happily understood one another all the way across. But now, as the Briton saw his good earth again, he suddenly began to talk English. "How curious," he remarked to her, "this lovely view and those gas*ó*meters." (Put a very strong accent on that second syllable.) The Philadelphia damsel stared with wild surmise round the Devonshire littoral, thinking perhaps that the gas*om*eters were some rare foliage, some rich sepulchral ruin. Puzzled she begged his pardon; he repeated the mystic phrase. Mistletoe, standing near, saw the perplexity in her entreating eyes. "Gas tanks," he whispered. It was her first introduction to the strangeness of her own tongue.

It is queer that people try to "teach" literature without attempting to give any suggestion of the color and shape of the country it comes from. And passengers get off the ship at Plymouth and hurry up to London by special train to be in time for the theatre on Saturday night. Yet they might stay aboard 36 hours longer, smell French woodsmoke in the dark at Havre and see the gray-white scarps of Dover next afternoon. Almost opalescent they lift out of mixed sun and vapor. Seeing that chalky bourn, that forehead of Albion, you remember it is the dread summit of Lear. Not for nothing is that symbol of her hard island story known as the Shakespeare Cliff. Round the North Foreland in pale blue evening and up the Thames Estuary. And as the train takes you from Tilbury next morning, in just the midsummer drizzle one would hope for, it loiters among dockyards and sidings where small English daisies, a little sooty, grow beside the rails. The best textbook of literature, we remarked before, is an atlas. Next best, perhaps, to get a feeling of the lie of English land, is C. E. Montague's book *The Right Place*—our well loved Montague who had fed on Shakespeare as few men have done. And like all zealots of living, he feasted on maps. Where will you find places where more may be learned than at the Map Shop in St. James's Street, or our own Hammond's on Church Street in New York.

In his amateurish investigations Mistletoe admits his indebtedness to a rakish low-backed car christened Lagonda. The name was new to him, and her sprightly demeanor (she was bound in leather, like a book) suggested the nickname Gioconda; which her young owner, whom we will speak of as Kinsman, at first thought a trifle familiar. She is described as the "Two-Litre Speed Model," and lives up to it. She is the kind of vehicle that is unhappy unless moving close to 50 miles an hour. At anything less than 40 she actually groans with suppressed desire. The highest Mistletoe actually saw her speedometer record was 72, but he believes she went faster than that while he was in the back seat holding on and not sheltered by the windshield. The roots of his hair ached for several days. The inscription on Shakespeare's monument at Stratford might well have occurred to him: "Stay passenger, why goest thou by so fast?"

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Lagonda is the best commentator on Shakespeare, Mistletoe told me. She would not do anything so crude as rush off to Stratford straightaway. No: she began with casual marginalia—the meadows of Runnymede, seen in blended shine and shower; the old pink almshouses at Bray, founded by a Tudor fishmonger. Yes, Bray of the Vicar and of the Hind's Head inn where they have treacle tart on the menu and a parrot reputed to grow profane on hard liquor. So young Kinsman offered the bird neat brandy, but oaths were slow in coming. They even dribbled it on his poll, hoping the fumes might penetrate. It did not seem to prick him in his corage, but the fowl may have cursed heartily later in the afternoon. Then Burnham Beeches, the most Midsummer Night's Dreamish place imaginable: a forest of huge gray boles, wrinkled and crippled and velvetted with moss. Shakespeare pretended it was "a wood near Athens" where Titania and Oberon held court, but Burnham Beeches was the kind of thing he was thinking of. Not so old as those beeches, but now nearing its 300th birthday, is the walnut tree under which Edmund Waller was buried at Beaconsfield—the Waller of the adorable verses *On a Girdle.* How graceful is his epitaph:—

EDMUNDI WALLER hic jacet id quantum morti
cessit
Qui inter poetas sui temporis facile princeps
Huic debet patria lingua, quod credas,
Si Graece Latineque intermitterent Musae
Loqui amarent Anglice

But as Milton was Waller's contemporary, the *facile princeps* is a transgression. The thoroughfare to Oxford (and thence to Stratford) runs past Beaconsfield Church: when Shakespeare went by, as he must have done many times, he passed close to the green hollow where William Penn was to be buried, and only a few miles from the cottage where his greatest successor later worked on *Paradise Lost.* Mistletoe was much pleased with the imperial clematis growing over the door of that cottage at Chalfont St. Giles, by the first edition of *Paradise Lost* generously deposited there by Senator David Reed, and by the extraordinary likeness of the curator, Mr. King, to Thomas Hardy. But equally he emphasized to me the neighboring house of call known as Merlin's Cave and a fine old ratting print he saw there. Lagonda stood patiently outside that pub in a long summer sunset.

These matters are not irrelevant to his vision of Shakespeare. He reminds me of the lively choruses in Henry V. "Let us, ciphers to this great accompt, On your imaginary forces work."

(*To be continued*)

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Shane Leslie, the Irish author and journalist, who is a cousin of Winston Churchill, has written a long poem dealing with the battle of Jutland. His manuscript has been read for possible errors of fact by Lord Jellicoe, Lord Beatty, and other naval experts.

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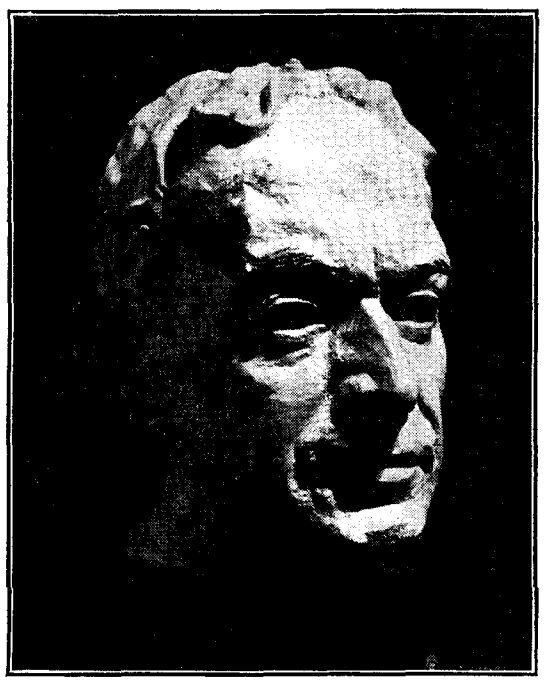
Carrollian Nonsense



WALTER DE LA MARE
From a portrait bust by Sava Botzaris.
(Courtesy Fifty-sixth Street Galleries)

EVERY century, indeed every decade of it, flaunts its own little extravagances and aberrations from a reasonable human standard. Passing fashions in dress and furniture, in plays, music, and pictures, and even in ideas and sentiments, resemble not only the caprices of our island climate, but also the extremes made manifest in English character, both of which in spite of such excesses yet remain true to a more or less happy medium. And so too with literature.

The Victorian age was rich in these exotics. It amuses us moderns, having dried and discolored them, to make little herbariums of them. We may even be on easier terms with the great writer of the 'eighties if, for symbol, he wears whiskers, though less so perhaps with feminine dignity trailing a crinolette. But there is one Victorian wild flower which makes any such condescension absurd—and it is called Nonsense. Unlike other "sports" of its time, this laughing heart's-ease, this indefinable "cross" between humor, fantasy, and a sweet unreasonableness, has proved to be of a hardy habit and is still living and fragrant. And we discover it suddenly in full bloom under the very noses of Martin Tupper and Samuel Smiles.

None even of its kindliest apologists would deny that in the earlier years of the nineteenth century the attitude of mind towards children tended to the over-solemn—a state which resembles a lantern without any light in it. Excesses may secrete their own antidotes. The mothers and fathers who had been brought up on Scotch oats with a pinch of salt to give them savor were reminded that honey is also a provision of nature. Yet writers who had the nursery in view, and even long after William Blake had sung of innocence, had been for the most part convinced that what was good for the young must be unpleasant. Their rhymes like their prose were "nearly always in a moral, minor, or miserable key." They prescribed not simples, syrups, and cordials, but brimstone. And even the treacle that accompanied it was spelt *theriaca*, and was connected with vipers. A reaction, we know now, was bound to follow, and that reaction has perhaps reached its extreme in a good deal of the nursery literature of our own day, which is as silly, if not worse, as theirs was dismal.

Not that all the books intended for children in the early nineteenth century were concerned solely with the cautionary and the edifying, which, as Charles Lamb said, only "starved their little hearts and stuffed their little heads. . . ." But even M. Emile Cammaerts in his "Poetry of Nonsense"—a little book as rich in appreciation and interest as it is original in theme—has been able to cite very few specimens of true nonsense of a date prior to the nineteenth century. And the practice of the art seems to be as clearly localized in space as it is in time. The French word *non-sens* has not this particular nuance; and the German *Un-sinn* is in meaning, I gather, to madness nearer allied.

Whatever its origin, no little tiny boy of any time or clime who was ever dandled to the strains of "Old Mother Hubbard," "Hey, diddle, diddle" or "Three Blind Mice," or listened at his mother's knee to such ancient tales as "The Three Sillies," "Teeny Tiny," and "Mr. Vinegar" can have been positively untouched by its influence. Its acknowledged masters were two in number. Two years after the appearance in 1810 of Jane Taylor's "Hymns for Infant Minds" Edward Lear came into the world. He was followed twenty years later, and two years before the death of Charles Lamb, by Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, who having latinized his Charles and transmogrified his Lutwidge, was destined at last to be known, and beloved, all the world over by his pen-name Lewis Carroll.

Lear's first "Book of Nonsense" was published in 1846, a year after the death not only of the author of "The Ingoldsby Legends" but also of Thomas Hood, a poet who because, perhaps, he was also a punster, has not even yet had his due. "The Rose and the Ring" followed in 1855. Hood, like Lear and Thackeray, could fit pictures to his rhymes as amusing as themselves, but Lear was an artist by profession. He contributed the handsome plates to one of the earliest of the lavishly illustrated English books about birds; and it is as appropriate that its title should have so alluring a flavor as "The Family of the Psittacidæ" as that the first published pamphlet in which Dodgson collaborated with his *alter ego* should have been called "The New Method of Evaluation as Applied to π."

Lear left this world—much the poorer by his absence—in 1888; four years after Calverley. Lewis Carroll, the veritable pied piper, having visited "valleys wild" on his way from Hamelin, vanished from its ken in the 'eighties, while Dodgson himself lived on until a year after Queen Victoria's second Jubilee.

The rich sheaves of pure Nonsense had by then been garnered. While "The Hunting of the Snark" was of 1876 and Prince Uggug had edged into being at Hatfield to amuse Princess Alice in 1872, by 1889, when "Sylvie and Bruno" was published, another order of nonsense was in flower. "The Green Carnation" and *The Yellow Book* are symptomatic of a very different and a wholly adult species. Satire and parody in themselves are mortal enemies of true nonsense; and though such sallies as "On an occasion of this kind it becomes more than a moral duty to speak one's mind. It becomes a pleasure"; or "A little sincerity is a dangerous thing, and a great deal of it is absolutely fatal"; or "Punctuality is the thief of time"—though pleasantries of this nature may faintly echo (and may even have been inspired by) Humpty Dumpty, Oscar Wilde would not perhaps have greeted the kinship with a cheer, and Humpty Dumpty, quite apart from his setting, conversed in a far less worldly English.

As compared with wit, too, nonsense, in M. Cammaerts's metaphor, is what bubble is to needle, though wit itself is powerless to prick the bubble. Twinkling on in its intense inane, it is as far out of the reach of the ultracommonsensical, the immitigably adult and the really superior as are the morning stars. That flat complacent veto—"This is nonsense" (in the cast-iron sense of the word), while intended as a sentence of death, means little more than "We are not amused."

BUT what *is* this nonsense? How does it differ from the merry, the comical, the frivolous, the absurd, the grotesque, and mere balderdash? Take the limerick, there are two distinct orders of them: the mere limerick and the Lear limerick. They differ as much as mushrooms from moonshine. Mere limericks, harmless and, maybe, amusing, may be scribbled with an effort at the rate of about two a minute. Funny, and even witty, limericks are fairly common. A genuine Lear limerick—and that only derivative—is unlikely to be the reward of a precious moment more than once or twice in a lifetime!

There was an Old Man of the West,
Who wore a pale plum-colored vest;
When they said, "Does it fit?"
He replied, "Not a bit!"
That uneasy Old Man of the West.

Again:

There was an Old Man in a boat,
Who said, "I'm afloat! I'm afloat!"
When they said, "No! You ain't!"
He was ready to faint,
That unhappy Old Man in a boat.

Now the most obvious thing about these two old gentlemen is that they are not merely respectable, they are irreproachable. Are they irrational? Surely not. Those of us who in questions of pure matter-of-fact decline to heed the *No! You ain'ts* of our fellow creatures are, to say the least of it, guilty of the indiscreet. And what irrationality is there in being uneasy in vests that fit not a bit, or in having the candor to confess that they don't? As for the crisis in either rhyme, it is little short of Aristotelian; a (seemingly) just soul endures an undeserved stroke of adversity. And could fewer words more vividly present that unhappy Old Man in a boat, whose rapture in a situation so ordinary is followed by physical symptoms so extreme after a surrender to public opinion so meek and so magnanimous? And last, where *is* this Old Man? In a region and a state of being solely his own, and in an Everlasting Now. Is not "pure poetry" itself in a similar relation to actuality?

While, then, there is in these rhymes a sort of vacuum where the "sense" should be—and the mere alteration of "pale" into *new* in the first of them will show how delicate the literary poise is—there is plenty of meaning. And what we call their nonsense is nothing purely negative but lies in some celestially happy medium between what is sense and what is not sense. This being so, are not these two old gentlemen and their exceedingly nebulous "they" triumphantly, and up to their eyes, *in* that medium? And "*well* in"? In what then does it consist?

They hunted till darkness came on, but they found
Not a button, or feather, or mark,
By which they could tell that they stood on the ground
Where the Baker had met with the Snark.

That unfortunately is the position. None the less a glance at "Alice in Wonderland," with its bright full moon of nonsense for lantern, may help to enlighten it a little. But first, an anecdote.

THE well-known story that Queen Victoria, captivated by "Alice in Wonderland," sent for the rest of its author's works, and was thereupon presented with copies of "The Condensation of Determinants," and "A Syllabus of Plane Algebraical Geometry" is untrue. It was denied by Dodgson in "Symbolic Logic." But there is another little story of Queen Victoria and Alice, both of them supreme characters in their several spheres, which is true beyond question. And it is a pleasure and privilege to be permitted by the friend who shared in it, but who, alas, withholds her name, to record it here.

When she was a little girl of three and a half, before she could read, that is, though not before she could be read to, she was sitting one winter's afternoon on a footstool by the fireside looking at the pictures in "Wonderland," while a favorite and favored aunt conversed with the Queen and her ladies at the adjacent tea table. Noticing presently this rapt, doubled-up little creature in the firelight so intent over her book, the Queen asked her what it was. She rose and carried it over, and standing at the royal knee opened it at the page where tinied Alice is swimming in the flood of her own tears. Five years had gone by since the Prince Consort's death, but the Queen was still attired in widow's weeds, in solemn black. Putting two and two together (as only Dodgson with the help of Carroll could), this little girl, pointing at the picture, looked up into the Queen's face, and said: "Do you think, please, *you* could cry as much as that?"

The constrained silence that followed while the ladies in the room pondered this inquiry was broken by the Queen's reply—which, I fear, is now no longer recoverable. Next day, however, a tiny locket, with a design of intertwined horseshoes in coral and seed pearls and with a minute portrait of the widowed Queen within, and this packed in a charming little box with the royal monogram on the lid, was dispatched from Windsor by a special messenger in a most resplendent uniform. It remains a precious souvenir of those few tense moments.

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by Walter de la Mare

The point of this little incident, if anything so childlike and tender can be said to have anything as sharp, is that the author of a book so remote from the realm of phantasy as "Leaves from a Journal of our Life in the Highlands" could share her delight in "Wonderland" with one of the youngest of her subjects. But that is precisely its supreme achievement. It is, in the words of Sir Walter Besant, one of the very few books in the world "which can be read with equal pleasure by old and young. . . . It is the only child's book of nonsense that is never childish." And not only that; it admits us into a state of being which, until it was written, was not only unexplored but undiscovered. Nevertheless like other rare achievements it was the fruit apparently of a happy accident. For once in a while the time and the place and the loved one came together.

THE tale, rhymes and all, and "finished" to the finest edge of craftsmanship, seems for the most part to have floated into Carroll's mind as spontaneously as did one of the best known lines in English verse: "For the Snark was a Boojum, you see." "Every word of the dialogue," he said, "came of itself." And though he confesses elsewhere that his "jaded muse was" at times "goaded into action . . . more because she had to say something than because she had something to say"; and that he despatched Alice down the rabbit hole not knowing in the least what was to become of her; and though, whenever the crystal wellspring ceased to flow, he could always pretend to fall fast asleep (whereas of course he had actually come wide awake)—all this little affects the marvel. Yet another marvel is that "Wonderland" should have been followed by so consummate a sequel as "Through the Looking-Glass." They are twin stars on whose *relative* radiance alone literary astronomers may be left to disagree.

Both stories have a structural framework, but in reading them we scarcely notice, however consistent and admirable it may be, their ingenious design. And that is true also of "As You Like It." Quite apart from any such design, at any rate, they would still remain in essence perhaps the most *original* books in the world. Indeed the genius in Carroll seems to have worked more subtly than the mind which it was possessed by realized. It is a habit genius has.

The intellectual thread, though secondary, which runs through the "Alices," is the reverse of being negligible. It is on this that their translucent beads of fantasy are strung, and it is the more effective for being so consistently and artfully concealed. As in the actual writing of poetry the critical faculties of the poet are in a supreme and constant activity, so with the "Alices." Their "characters," for example, in all their rich diversity are in exquisite keeping with one another. And it is curious that though—a remark that applies to Lear's limericks but not to most books aimed at the young, however wide they may fall of the mark—they were written for children, the only child in them is Alice herself. The Mad Hatter is perennial forty, the Carpenter is of the age of all carpenters, the Red King is the age Henry VIII was born, while the Queen and the Duchess—well, they know best about that.

Alice herself, of course, with her familiar little toss of the head, with her serene mobile face, courteous, amiable, except when she *must* speak up for herself, easily reconciled, inclined to tears, but tears how swiftly dashed away; with her dignity, her matter-of-factness, her conscientiousness, her courage (even in the most outlandish of circumstances) never to submit or yield, and with one of the most useful of all social resources, the art of changing a conversation—what a tribute she is not only to her author but to Victorian childhood! Capable, modest, demure, sedate, they are words a little out of fashion nowadays; but Alice alone would redeem them all. And even if now and then she is a trifle superior, a trifle *too* demure, must not even the most delicate of simple and arduous little samplers have its wrong side?

She might indeed have been a miniature model of all the Victorian virtues and still have fallen short if it were not for her freedom from silliness and her saving good sense—a good sense that never bespangles itself by being merely clever. However tart and touchy, however queer and querulous and quarrelsome her "retinue" in Wonderland and in Looking-Glass Land may be, and she all but always gets the worst of every argument, it is this sagacity of mind and heart that keeps her talk from being merely "childish" and theirs from seeming grown-uppish, and, in one word, prevents the hazardous situation from falling into the non-nonsensical. She wends serenely on like a quiet moon in a chequered sky. Apart, too, from an occasional Carrollian comment, the sole medium of the stories is *her* pellucid consciousness: an ideal preached by Henry James himself, and practised—in how different a setting—in "What Maisie Knew."

It is their rational poise in a topsy-turvy world (a world seen upside-down, as M. Cammaerts says, and looking far more healthy and bright), that gives the two tales their exquisite balance. For though laws there certainly are in the realm of Nonsense, they are all of them unwritten laws. Its subjects obey them unaware of any restrictions. Anything may happen there except only what can't happen *there*. Its kings and queens are kings and queens for precisely the same reason that the Mock Turtle is a Mock Turtle, even though once he was a real Turtle—by a divine right, that is, on which there is no need to insist. A man there, whether he be Tweedledum or the Carpenter or the White Knight, apart from his being a gentleman so perfect that you do not notice it, is never "a man for a' that," simply because there isn't any "a' that." And though "morals" pepper their pages—"Everything's got a moral if only you can find it"—the stories themselves have none. "In fact," as Carroll said himself, "they do not teach anything at all."

Instead, they stealthily instil into us a unique state of mind. Their jam—wild strawberry—*is* the powder—virgin gold-dust—though we may never be conscious of its cathartic effects. Although, too, Carroll's nonsense, in itself, in Dryden's words, may be such that it "never can be *understood*," there is no need to understand it. It is self-evident. Besides, haven't we, like the Red Queen herself, heard other kinds of nonsense, and in very sober spheres, "compared with which *this* would be as sensible as a dictionary"? It lightens our beings like sunshine, like that divine rainbow in the skies beneath which the living things of the world went out into radiance and freedom from the narrow darkness of the Ark. And any mind in its influence is freed the while from all its cares. Carroll's Wonderland indeed is a region resembling Einstein's in that it is a finite infinity endlessly explorable though never to be explored. Its heavens are bluer, its grass grass-greener, its fauna more curiously unwearying company not only than any but the pick of *this* world's but than those of any other book I know. And even for variety and precision, from the Mad Hatter down to Bill the Lizard, that company is rivalled only by the novelists who are as generous as they are skilled—an astonishing feat since Carroll's creations are not only of his own species but of his own genus.

THE sovereign element in the "Alices" consists in the presentation of what is often perfectly rational, practical, logical, and, maybe, mathematical, what is terse, abrupt, and pointed, in a state and under conditions of life to which we most of us win admittance only when we are blessedly asleep. To every man his own dreams, to every man his own day-dreams. And as with ease, nonsense, and un-sense; as with me, you, and a sort of us-ishness, as with past, future, and the all-and-almost-nothing in between; so with Greenwich time, time, and *dream* time; good motives, bad motives, and dream motives; self, better self, and dream self. Dreaming is another state of being, with laws as stringent *and* as elastic as those of the world of nonsense. And what dream in literature has more blissfully refreshed a prose-ridden world than the dream which gently welled into Dodgson's mind that summer afternoon, nearly seventy years ago, when, oars in hand and eyes fixed on little Alice Liddell's round-orbed countenance, the Lewis Carroll in him slipped off into Wonderland?

What relation the world of our dreams has to the world of our actual, who can say? Our modern oneiromantics have their science, but the lover of the "Alices" is in no need of it. What relation any such dream-world has to some other state of be seen only in glimpses here and now might be a mo valuable but is an even less answerable question. In any case, and even though there are other delights in them which only many years' experience of life can fully reveal, it is the child that is left in us who tastes the sweetest honey and laves its imagination in the clearest waters to be found in the "Alices."

Walter de la Mare, author of the foregoing article, which in greatly expanded form is to constitute one of the contributions to "The Eighteen-'Eighties," to be published for the Royal Society of Literature of England by the Cambridge University Press, is too well known to the American public to need introduction. Poet, novelist, and critic, he has just brought out through Farrar and Rinehart what is really a study of Defoe entitled "Desert Islands and Robinson Crusoe," and is about to have published by Henry Holt and Company an anthology of "Poems for Children."

Tonight in Philadelphia

A THING will happen but I know not what,
A thing will rupture the world asunder.
And though I try, I understand this not:
Why I am overpowered with a wonder
That will not leave for some odd reason.
Within me prophet sounds are rising
Hot to my brain with "treason, treason!"
What are those inner tones comprising?
Here at my right hand, like a well-stuffed eel,
The Schuylkill River is easily going;
And here the winds, like beggar women, steal;
And here the flag of foglight is blowing.
Do creatures pass, invisible to me?
Are they of light and caped with radiancy?
Or have they turtle eyes, crusted and dark,
And foreheads branded with a ghostly mark?

The loud clash, the clamors
At the beat of the hammers
of the devils who labor and smite on their
anvil to have ere the coming of dawnlight
the weapon of silver, the sword welded out
of the moon for their lord.

They are ready! The stallion
Is eager to sally on
into darkdom. A challenge is sung with a
snort; the sparks from its hoofbeats are
flung to the ends of the farthermost place,
where they whirl like spent stars into space.

They speed onward, and faster—
Both the horse and its master.
Who can say what their black mission is, as
they pound on the pavement of night and they
whiz with their blood-curdling cries to the
earth? The demon is gaping with mirth.

All the angels are weeping
As the rider goes sweeping
with his scythe through the gardens of heaven.
Look! The tenderly tuned viol of Lyra is
riven. I will rescue each sky-fallen star,
and what beautiful flowers they are!

The stab of his laughter,
Then the crack that comes after
as the flat of his sword smacks the feet of
the scattering clouds. The ghost rider is
fleet. He is soon. He is swift. He is here!
My strong arm is weakened with fear.

The skyscrapers shiver
By the edge of the river
while the sharp nails of March scratch the
air, and a trumpet bursts out with a windy
fanfare. We are saved. It is day, it is
dawn! The demoniac vision is gone!

EDWARD DORO.

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Book Club Selections

As They Were

IET STREET. By MICHAEL OSSORGIN. New York: The Dial Press. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

AS Tanyusha came out into the Sadovaya that summer morning, wearing, "with quite an unusually cool feeling of freshness," the white dress she had ironed the day before, and as she saw a house with a little green fence, the Red Gates, and, far down the street, the Suharevka Tower, she said to herself:

> All the same, how lovely, how very lovely, Moscow is! Dear Moscow! And how like it used to be—unchangeable. It's the people who change, but it is always the same; saddened a little, perhaps, but just as absurd and straggley as it used to be, and just as dear and beautiful and homely.

In this paragraph of Michael Ossorgin's "Quiet Street," you have a suggestion both of the matter and manner of his novel. The thing which distinguishes this from most of the stories which have come out of Russia since the Revolution or which have attempted to picture it, is its understandableness to those who have never been touched, personally, by the Revolution; the way in which it "warms the heart" and makes life, in spite of the Revolution, seem, as revolutionary Moscow seemed to Tanyusha on that summer morning, "unchangeable, just as absurd and straggley as it used to be, and just as dear and beautiful and homely."

Not that war and revolution are prettified. The horror and nightmare are here, but they are, for the most part, implied rather than objectively put. Ossorgin, who lived in Russia through the most hideous part of the Revolution and was then exiled, seems not to have lost his balance or his nerve. Nor does he "fall" for the new order in the way so difficult to escape by the younger writers compelled somehow or other to find their footing, materially and psychologically, in Red Russia itself. He neither shrieks, with the other emigrés, nor runs away from the present to bury his head, as some of the emigré writers have done, in a dreamland Russia peopled with wonder-working ikons, saintly mouzhiks, snow, and tinkling troika-bells.

He accepts the present, at least to the extent of admitting much of its vitality, but endeavors to put both war and revolution in their place in that stream of life in which they will one day be seen, along with other promontories and islands, fading into time's distance. To accomplish this, he concentrates on a certain house and the family in it—one of those old-fashioned, cosy, Moscow houses, that drowsed in the crooked, quiet streets leading off the Arbat, and on the lives and thoughts of its old professor, his placid wife, and their grand-daughter, Tanyusha.

The peasant husband of their cook comes drifting back from the front to become a great man in the new order. A n'er-do-well workman in the flat of one of their friends lands a profitable job as the Tcheka's chief executioner. The tragedy of the expropriated is compressed into the case of their old composer-friend—a man without wife or child, whose whole "soul" is contained in his piano—when a pack of blundering, well-meaning enough proletarians come to hustle that piano away. And these, and all the other connections of the little old house, are not mere symbols, but real people, each sympathetically observed and built up, given a run for his money.

In the beginning, the old ornithologist, Ivan Alexandrovitch, is found sitting in his arm-chair "in the immensity of the universe, in the solar system, on the earth, in Russia, in Moscow, in the corner house of Sivtzev Vrazhek"; and at the end, after war and revolution have come, we leave him there, stroking Tanyusha's head, and talking about the spring day when the swallows will return, as they have been coming and going each spring and fall, while dynasties collapsed and the youth of Europe destroyed one another.

This sounds, and I think is, a trifle obvious, and I find Ossorgin's manner and his philosophizing a bit prosy and pretentious at times. There is rather too much of the instellar spaces. The endeavor to "put the war in its place" by having the swallows fly indifferently over it on their way to Africa, or a mouse come creeping out of its hole in the old house off the Arbat, regardless of the Marne and the Masurian Lakes, becomes, at times, a bit too simple-minded and tricky. But that is when one measures Ossorgin's story beside such somewhat similar attempts as Tolstoy made in "War and Peace." If "Quiet Street" is not "great," it has fine quality, nevertheless, unusual detachment from passing fashions and preoccupations, a very rare warmth, human understanding, and continuing charm.

Part of this charm, especially for readers in this part of the world, comes from finding that one may live through the revolution without losing one's literary and other manners and becoming quite queer and unhousebroken. Ossorgin's people stand in queues, cook their meals on a "primus," starve, shiver, live on the edge of terror and death, and yet in their thoughts, instincts, and behavior, remain related to the rest of us who haven't, perhaps, experienced these particular things. Tanyusha is a sister to Tolstoy's Natasha, a not too distant cousin to the heroines of quite "old-fashioned" English and American novels.

Astaviev, a sort of Stoic, is complaining to the professor, in the story, that philosophy, in its speculative sense, is bred by luxury or the weariness of life. "It's a cake," he says, "And it's also a grin. And an escape, too. Life at present (i.e. in Russia) is such that if you escape from it for a moment it will escape from you for days. If one wants to survive one has got to cling to it—life, I mean—scramble up and push the others off the step, like on a tram."

"That, too, is a philosophy," murmured the professor, "a depressing one, of course." That was precisely what he and his sort didn't believe in—pushing other folks off the steps of trams.

And Tanyusha, although she couldn't always reply to Astaviev, felt instinctively that he was frequently wrong. "We all talk and think about strange, trifling things, such as herrings, and the revolution, and internaional relations," she said, feeling that they left out the "really important things." Just what the latter were, she didn't, at twenty, quite know, but among them, she felt, was that of "being near a simple, healthy-minded person, preferably not a philosopher nor a circus showman." She was tired of the "everlasting gloomy grievances and bitter words, so many of them "about one's self, which makes it worse, all around one's self, and for one's self."

It is these "important things" that Ossorgin all the time tries to bring out, although even he makes Astaviev disclaim "any thought of a counter-revolutionary nature. I should have despised the nation if it had not done as it did, if it had stopped half way and allowed learned prattlers"—evidently Miliukov and Co.,—"to turn Russia out in English dress—Houses of Parliament, an obliging police, and well-groomed lies."

Just what Ossorgin's political theories, if any, may be, he does not say. He takes no sides—in itself a heresy to the Bolsheviks—and sticks to his "important things." He gives, nevertheless, one of the most nourishing pictures yet drawn of revolutionary Russia. "Quiet Street" happens to be a "book-of-the-month" choice, but has, one suspects, lasting qualities regardless of that.

Book-of-the-Month Club.

The Great Recalcitrant

R. V. R. The Life and Times of Rembrandt van Ryn. By HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON. New York: Horace Liveright. 1930. $5 net.

Reviewed by FRANK JEWETT MATHER

TO this ample and varied comment on Dutch civilization of the seventeenth century, one is tempted to apply anachronistically the mediæval term "Mirror." Almost everything that could be felt and thought in the generation between 1626 and 1667 reflects itself truly if transiently in the tolerant and understanding mind of Doctor Jan van Loon of Amsterdam, the imaginary teller of the tale. We are near the great traders, the Dutch Medici, who ruled unobtrusively from their counting rooms; we share the dynastic ambitions and the clashes of interest between the new trading and maritime nations; Descartes and Spinoza pass across the scene; we feel the jealousies and suspicions of the learned and unlearned mob falling upon the new science and medicine; there is even an episode at New Amsterdam and in the Indian country where we see an aggressive civilization crumbling at the outer edges.

At the outset of our criticism, then, we face the urgent but possibly unimportant issue whether a novel which is so much a corpus of opinions is a novel at all. But were not "La Nouvelle Héloise," "Les Miserables," "Marius," "Diana of the Crossways" novels of opinion? They were but with a difference. The characters were something more than mouthpieces. In the present volume the central group of friends, free thinkers, *libertins* in the parlance of the day, are in the main vividly conceived, but even they tend to fade out into soft speakers of unpopular truth, while the scores of minor characters are about as vague as the *Bon* or *Mauvais Conseil* of a morality play.

At the center of a world that always seems too reasonable or too mad is the great and gentle recalcitrant, Rembrandt. On the negative side, as a genius in revolt and distress, he is vividly realized, on the positive side any page of Fromentin's impersonal criticism will tell more about him. He fails to serve the intended purpose of a unifying motive in this vast miscellany.

Taken for what it is, a mirror of a civilization singularly like our own, an irradiation of cold opinion upon the heat and confusion of unreflective living—the book is rich, entertaining, and instructive. One reads it with mingled feelings of pleasure and disappointment. One is dealing with a flexible and charming mind, but one is dealing with it more or less in a literary vacuum. There is no sense of place. One has to remind himself that the actual Holland of red, brick verticals and satiny, watery horizontals, and huge, rising clouds, and short, stately seas is in question.

In short, if it could all have been particularized, centralized, and carried off with a more delicate literary distinction, we should have had a great novel of opinion. As it is, we have a book abounding in wit and tolerant wisdom which without making any pictures constantly "gives to think."

—The Literary Guild.

A Pepys of Wall Street

THEY TOLD BARRON. By ARTHUR POUND and SAMUEL TAYLOR. New York: Harper & Bros. 1930. $5.

Reviewed by PAUL WILLARD GARRET
Financial Editor, N. Y. *Evening Post*

OPPORTUNITY to peep behind the Wall Street curtain comes to few, but Clarence Walker Barron was one of those few. As father of financial news in the form we Americans like it served, and as a bulging personality in himself, Barron held two master keys useful in unlocking the secrets of men versed in the mysteries of the money district. These he worked to the limit, but discreetly.

His itching fingers ran like lightning across little cards, always ready in his pockets, recording what he saw when the curtain was lifted. A few strokes in short hand enabled him to preserve whole sentences under the guise of jotting down a figure when talking to Morgan, Stillman, Wiggin, Ryan, Durant, Ford, Thompson, Doheny, Livermore. These confidential notes Barron intended should refresh his memory some day in writing a financial history.

That history he never lived to write. This whiskered old gentleman of the press, who would not waste his time shaving, was still compiling notes for his book when two years ago at seventy-three he died. So materials by the ream left in their original state, copious notes that he threw together on the run, were left for others to interpret.

Picture him if you can. This 330 pound man, who rose from his bed, dressed, swept up a steak, and then caught his train with a herdic behind galloping horses—all as one morning operation. Time he could never waste. His reliable Patek-Phillipe watch never got him to a train more than two or three minutes early—or ever a second late. Twenty suitcases he would carry, but never a trunk to delay the procession. On train, on boat, or in a hotel, far into the night, he was gathering news, compiling his notes. What time had he for writing memoirs?

Arthur Pound and Samuel Taylor Moore in "They Told Barron" reproduce these illuminating "confidential" notes, under chapter headings, for the ten years 1918-1928 just as Barron left them, minus the shorthand.

If you like your meat rare you will like these raw notes giving you the views of important men on matters big and small, free from the usual publicity seasoning. It is a book that should go into every financial library.

You will learn from it the inside story of the Cochran tip on General Motors, given to a *Wall Street Journal* ship reporter in 1926; that the optimistic Charles M. Schwab was so blue in 1921 that at Nice he thought "industry in the United States is worth nothing"; that corsets went out when J. L. Replogle in wartime, on advice of Alice Roosevelt Longworth, refused to allocate steel for stays; that "Honey Fitz" Fitzgerald, mayor of Boston, when abroad once jumped into the royal yacht to carry him out to Sir Thomas Lipton, as the King and Queen stood and cooled their heels until it returned.

We regret the book is so filled with what "they told Barron" that we must still depend on memory and gossip for what "Barron told them." His own life, passed over here in a brief biographical chapter, was more picturesque than that of the men talking to him in this book.

He it was who in 1887 launched the Boston News Bureau to send news for a dollar a day by runners to bankers, brokers, and business men, thus creating the rapid financial service that eventually led to tickers.

As Barron grew into power as a publisher on a large scale of financial news he held fast his intimate contact with employees. Many a Wall Street man in business got his training under Barron, and has tucked away in his desk some precept handed down to him "by the old man."

Here is one we recently ran into in the office of an executive who had once been with Barron:

> From any standpoint, a man can make himself a master in the world, provided only he gets both feet on solid ground, mastering more than any one of his fellowmen, that which is immediately beneath him. From this vantage point he can expand over the whole world without limit, providing he sticks by the principles that made him first master beneath his own feet.

You will find no account of Barron's stock operations in this book, but one way he kept close to the market was to buy and sell actively. In earlier years he operated on his own account, but right up to his death he personally ran something like fifty brokerage accounts for friends. Not only did he guarantee all of these accounts himself, he put up most of the money. They were scattered far and wide among different brokerage houses.

—Business Book Club.

How to Be Happy

THE CONQUEST OF HAPPINESS. By BERTRAND RUSSELL. New York: Horace Liveright. 1930. $3.

Reviewed by JOSEPH JASTROW

THE engaging frankness, the absence of cant, flashes of humor, a humane commonsense, and a reflective insight disarm the critic who approaches the subject of this volume in a sceptical or despondent mood. Mr. Bertrand Russell has printed and platformed on many subjects, on some of which he speaks with authority, on all with interest, while yet he has been justly accused of "uncontrolled thinking" on social and educational questions in which his predilections replace responsible judgments. The "Conquest of Happiness" will find a large and appreciative audience; it is a talking not a silent filming of the world's discontent; its causes and cure.

Bertrand was precocious enough to reflect, at the age of five, that if he lived to be seventy, he had only endured a fourteenth part of unendurable boredom; at adolescence he hated life and was restrained from suicide only by the desire to know more of mathematics. At fifty-eight he finds himself increasingly happy with an annual increment, since he laid aside the Puritanic habit of meditating upon sins and follies, found available outlets for his affections, and abundant exercise for a brilliantly active mind.

There is no consistently constructive system running through the Russellian code. There is a ledger and day-book with the debits, "causes of unhappiness," and the credits, "causes of happiness," recorded by a philosophical appraiser. Self-absorption is a major cause of an unhappy life, and its varieties make the sinner—the sin-conscious despondent—the narcissist, and the megalomaniac. The "sinner" finds his pleasures poisoned; the narcissist carries his tether with him, seeking pastures new; the megalo-

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maniac, insisting that the world is his oyster, fails to find the pearl.

Mr. Russell employs the Freudian concepts sparingly but not expertly, finding, as does his predecessor in the field, Mr. Pitkin, who films happiness journalistically, that the maladjustment between urge and satisfaction is a workable formula conferring a moderate psychological insight. So we make ourselves unhappy; and reflection, from Ecclesiastes to Krutch via Byron, is but pyscho-analytic frustration made explicit by verbal adeptness.

There are some characteristically modern aids to unhappiness, and among them is competition and the competitive temper, which eats up energy, distorts values, and seeks compensation in violent, exhausting recreation. All the gentle and leisurely arts are lost in the shuffle—which has the din of jazz—and money involves a newer slavery. Thus conditions of the psychic climate play their part. But more fundamentally the search for happiness proceeds between the margins of boredom and excitement. The antiquity and universality of the drug-route suggests the desire and its temptations; while the urge is reinforced through relief from what makes work not a blessing but a curse, fatigue. The tired man has no happiness resources.

Equally concerned in the modern repertory of unhappiness is the Puritanic sense of sin which spoils many a promising day, and the persecution mania that insists on conformity, aided and abetted by the fear of public opinion for which Mr. and Mrs. Grundy are equally responsibile. Release from these balls and chains is indispensable before the constructive foundations can be laid.

Happiness in a machine age, Mr. Russell contends, is not as difficult as it is rated to be. It requires a simple psychological readjustment; and the ingredient to be saved at any price is zest. The I. Q. and the Z. Q. must somehow be combined. The route of bliss by ignorance, though the favored highway for the *polloi* of whatever social complexion, has no appeal to the reflective mind.

Yet the resources of the man of bigger and better brains, who has learned to use them wisely, offer no erudite formula, only a content more refined in a recipe equally compoundable in commoner stuff. Granted health, zest, affection, family ties, grateful work, impersonal interests, effort, and resignation, and there emerges a happy man even in a forbidding climate. The good and the happy life converge as if by some rendezvous of life, for what is done by self-denial, always with a back fire of self-absorption, is then done spontaneously and naturally. The hedonist and the sane moralist agree.

Mr. Russell, by attempting nothing very deep, nothing very scientific, keeps his gallery interested by the skill of his drives and putts from green to green of the chapters of his pleasantly laid out course. He is not a professional psychologist but a well trained amateur, who appreciates the technique under which the modern game of happiness must be played. And that is all to the good. He is sympathetic with the approach which the psychologist would place first and give far ampler consideration. This Professor Pitkin attempted by the biographical method rendered somewhat too journalistically, selecting types of men who failed and who succeeded in securing the evasive golden apple of happiness as they played their courses on very different links with varying hazards.

What is gratifying to the psychologist is the appreciation from various sources that the "pursuit of happiness" is not a constitutional guarantee, nor yet a moralistic prescription, but a psychological quest—a topic of deep significance. The psychologist has something important to contribute and the sociologist is never reticent on any occasion. The problem goes deep. It touches upon the fundamental biological possibility that the cerebral growth that gave man a superbrain brought with the tree of knowledge the forbidden fruit that embitters life and makes happiness not an easy issue but a complicated conquest. For a section of humanity—small statistically, momentous by virtue of its social leadership—the problem of problems is to be happy though reflective. Living in a vale of tears with a bad climate, the big brain that brought human greatness must now be put to the service of the eternal pursuit. —*Book League of America.*

The Glory That Is Rome

THE RESURRECTION OF ROME. By G. K. CHESTERTON. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by BERNARD IDDINGS BELL

THIS is probably, from a merely literary point of view, Mr. Chesterton's worst book; and yet no one can afford not to read it, or at least portions of it. He has set out to show the glory that is Rome, and to explain her history as a series of resurrections, that thereby both Fascismo and the great growth and new life of contemporary Roman Catholicism may not merely be recognized, but also be understood. The first twenty-six pages, in which he states his general thesis, are as pungent, forceful, arresting as anything he has done, and the forty pages which he devotes directly to the Duce and "the return of the Romans" are simply not to be missed; but in between the going is rather dreadful in spots; or rather, only tolerable in spots.

The author, unfortunately, feels that he simply must stop to defend that pest of bad sculpture and baroque ornamentation which makes Rome an affliction, not merely to medievalists, but to anyone whose artistic honesty in the least matters. G. K. C. loathes the stuff himself, as is more than evident here and there when he is off guard—as for instance in the well-written passage where he admires the restrained medieval tomb which Leo XIII erected for Innocent III in St. John Lateran, and then turns with loathing on the blatant monstrosity which has been erected over the bones of Leo XIII.

Chesterton is a convert to Roman Catholicism, and he must do a book on the Holy City. It is to his credit that he refuses to pass over, as any clever man might easily have done, the whole hideous, pseudo-artistic mess that the Counter-Reformation fathered; and it is an evidence of how bad that *olla podrida* really is that even the cleverest man of letters in England cannot explain it away. To say, as he does, after huge mouthfuls of verbosity, that such art was a necessary advertisement to entice the masses into church again, is not complimentary to either the Roman Church or the common people. More true explanation lies in remembering the baroque as the last decayed consequence of that digging up of an ancient corpse which is mistakenly called the Renaissance. G. K. C. knows, of course, about that explanation, and dismisses it with an airy abuse; but he fails to see that his own explanation is really an insult to the Tridentine Church and to the Jesuits.

When one has waded, however, through a hundred pages or so of this wobbly defense of bad art, and arrives with the author at the Fascisti, one is repaid. Here is almost the only really penetrating examination as yet done in English of what Fascismo really means, of its essential rediscovery of "the Prince" or the State as something distinct from either employers or employed. "It is not so much a revolt against the Communism prevailing in Russia as against the Constitutionalism prevailing in England." It is a régime hated more and wisely by capitalists than it is by laborers. It is essentially syndicalist in economic philosophy. Its hatred of luxury is of a piece with St. Francis and Thomas Jefferson, rather than with Roger Baldwin and Andrew Mellon. It has suppressed an independent press as openly as England's pluto-democracy has suppressed hers indirectly; and by decree has limited the freedom of choice in elections as certainly as is the case in England, where "the elector does in fact choose between two or three candidates, each provided by a recognized caucus and each supported by an unrecognized fund." Its faults are those of all revolutions. G. K. C. cannot admire the Fenians and denounce the Fascisti for the same sort of acts. Fascismo's weakness is that, like all minority movements, it must be extreme so as to impress the majority. Fascismo will fail unless it can appeal not to force but to eternal principles of right—which is at the base of the new Concordat. It is a brilliant chapter, with Chesterton at his best—philosopher rather than apologist.

There is a final word or two about the new Vatican City and its meaning, which is not much good. The author is really less interested in the Holy Father than in that which the Holy Father has taken as his instrument wherewith to unite a decadent and mechanized Europe, the phenomenon of the ancient Roman manhood resurrected. The legions are again on march, the civilizing legions of an Eternal City. G. K. C. makes even mild-mannered Nordic liberals feel like cheering them on.

—*Catholic Book Club.*

The Progress of Life

PARADE OF THE LIVING. By JOHN HODGDON BRADLEY, JR. New York: Coward-McCann. 1930. $3.

Reviewed by HOMER P. LITTLE
Clark University

THERE have been numerous attempts to popularize paleontology and some have been notable successes, such as Lucas's "Animals of the Past" and Hutchinson's "Extinct Monsters and Creatures of Other Days." Few, however, have been as ambitious in extent of the field covered as Dr. Bradley's "Parade of the Living." The book is, in fact, a popularization of much of the material contained in the second half year of the usual beginners' course in college geology with, at the end, rather more philosophizing on the meaning of it all than is ordinarily introduced in a college course. It is in most respects just what every professor of historical geology who loves his subject, and wishes that the every-day man loved it also, must have dreamed of producing. It is readable, breezy, and at the same time sound in its presentation of the present beliefs of geology as regards the progress of life on the earth and its interpretation. Even in the midst of almost flippant paragraphs the initiated can recognize the teachings of Clarke, Lull, Matthew, Osborn, and many other authorities of the present and past generation. It is brought up to the minute, as the reference to Peking man shows. As a rule, theory and knowledge are carefully differentiated, although occasionally the desire to make a sentence striking leads to the statement of theory as though it were proven fact, as where, in speaking of the origin of bipedal dinosaurs, the author writes that four-legged forms "prodded on by the death at their heels, rose off their bellies and ran like kangaroos," and again where, in explanation of the return of certain of the reptiles to the sea, it is stated that "many of the strong were lured back to the water by their hereditary love of sea food."

The word descriptions are frequently excellent as, for instance, that of the stegosaurus. The value of the book would, however, have been greatly enhanced by the inclusion in the text of a few line drawings in each chapter dealing with the main divisions of life. No matter how well described a trilobite, a dinosaur, or an ancestral horse may be, a few simple sketches add greatly to the understanding. At times the effort to be popular and hold the attention becomes a bit forced, and the reader tires a little of so many animals who were "gargantuan." Yet the whole of Dr. Bradley's volume is so much better than most could do or have done that it seems unkind to mention its flaws.

The book opens with a brief review of the leading hypotheses to account for our solar system, followed by a concise statement of the problem of the origin of life and the indefiniteness of the boundary between the organic and inorganic. The author then leads from the earliest known remains of life through the intermediate steps to the first vertebrates as exemplified in the fish. The conquest of the land by amphibian and more completely by reptile follows. After an interruption which brings the story of the plants abreast that of the animals, and a short digression which explains the great changes in life at the close of the time of "ancient life," the thread of animal development and evolution is again taken up and carried quickly and with appropriate warnings of its incompleteness, through reptilian and mammalian stocks to man himself. The book closes with a brief but interesting account of the history of disease as revealed by fossils, of the origin and function of sex, and the place of man in nature. The latter's shortcomings and promise are both recognized—"A sheep starves if he strays from the pack, and I am ridiculed if I wear a straw hat in January" coupled to the statement, referring to man, "If he does not reach the moon it will be his own fault."

All told, the reader will find this as interesting and suggestive a book as he has read in many a day. And he will be sadly deceived if he permits himself to think that beneath the light treatment there is not a sound basis of geologic fact and theory and plenty of material for careful study and reflection. The reviewer knows no better book of its kind.

—*Scientific Book Club.*

Famous Shipwrecks

FULL FATHOM FIVE. By FRANK H. SHAW. New York. The Macmillan Co. 1930. $3.

Reviewed by ALFRED F. LOOMIS

UNDER this poetic title Captain Shaw relates the stories of a score of famous shipwrecks, and brings to the work vivid description and a sympathetic background gained of his own experience at sea. Reading such a collection of marine tragedies might be a gruesome business, for in nearly every one the loss of life has been great and the record of lives saved has been correspondingly poignant; but by the magic of his language and by his emphasis on the exalted heroism frequently displayed in sea disasters the author has lifted the book above the level of morbidity.

It is inspiring to be reminded of the steadfast discipline of the soldiers aboard H. M. S. *Birkenhead* who stood in rigid formation as their ship broke up beneath them, and of the high valor of the bandsmen of the *Titanic* who played "Nearer My God to Thee" as the lifeboats, insufficient in number, put off from the stricken vessel with their cargo of women and children. As a sailor himself the author has a fine feeling for a ship, recognizing in her something more than wood, steel, and canvas; but as a special pleader (perhaps unconscious) for naval discipline and British seamanship he does not always strike the note acceptable to a layman.

The collision between the battleships *Victoria* and *Camperdown*, for instance, resulted in the loss of the Victoria and 359 lives. It derived from an inexplicable quirk in the mind of an admiral who directed that the *Victoria* (which carried his flag) and the *Camperdown*, flagship of the junior division, lead a turning movement toward each other. The junior admiral aboard the *Camperdown* knew that the movement could not be executed without piling one ship upon the other. Yet, knowing this, he persisted in obedience to the order to the end that the *Camperdown* cut the *Victoria* nearly in half. The lay reader, for all the court-martial's exoneration of the junior admiral, and his expert exculpation by Captain Shaw, will continue to believe that obedience, discipline, and the personal careers of junior admirals cannot be balanced against careful seamanship and the value of 359 lives.

Similarly the author pleads the orderly courage of officers, men, and upper deck passengers of the *Titanic*, struck down by ice on a smooth night and granted by fate time to embark all her 2208 souls in lifeboats before her final plunge—if she had had enough lifeboats to do so. But she put to sea on her first and last voyage without enough lifeboats for half her complement, and it seems that whereas "the North European in hours of crisis maintains his coolness and his determination to die like a man" the Latins in the steerage "had shamelessly forgotten their manhood, and fought like wildcats around a boat ready for lowering." Perhaps these cowardly South Europeans (who had had nothing to do with specifying the amount of life-saving apparatus in the *Titanic's* equipment) realized that the North Europeans (who had) were in better position to take advantage of the few lifeboats available.

But I find myself becoming a special pleader whereas I mean only to suggest that many of the world's most deplorable shipwrecks are traceable to man's vanity, stubbornness, greed, and ignorance rather than, as Captain Shaw says in his introduction, to the sea's devastating, merciless, relentless, and treacherous autocracy. Granted that the sea is the cruelest of teachers, ever watchful to take advantage of man's mistakes, it must also be admitted that on this book's evidence the sea usually reserves its cruelty until the mistake occurs. Fortunately man is of a disposition to profit by his mistakes and the mistakes of others, or he never would have attained even his partial ascendancy over the sea. It is of much purpose to learn of the advances that have been made as a result of such tragedies as those related in "Full Fathoms Five." But for landsmen the book should be reserved for the conclusion of an ocean voyage, rather than devoured at the outset of one. —*Junior Literary Guild (Boys 12-16)*

(Continued on next page)

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Book Club Selections

(*Continued from preceding page*)

More Nesbit for America

THE FIVE CHILDREN: Containing Five Children and It; The Phœnix and the Carpet; The Story of the Amulet. By E. NESBIT. New York: Coward-McCann, Inc. 1930. $3.

Reviewed by MARCIA DALPHIN

THERE are certain authors of children's books who are almost the objects of a cult. (The term is not used in an invidious sense.) They are not, usually, great writers. The great need no defense, and one of the concomitants of this worship seems to be that the writer shall be just the least bit overlaid by time, slightly obscure, out-of-print perhaps, and grateful for some championing. Mayne Reid and Captain Marryatt come to mind, Henty, Mrs. Ewing, and certainly Mrs. Molesworth, in whose lists Hugh Walpole recently engaged.

Scattered about over this country and England may be found grown men and women equally ready to fly at a scoffer or to welcome with open arms a new recruit for their favorites. One of their best joys is the accidental discovery of a fellow worshipper. In his entertaining introduction to "The Bastable Children," that earlier collection of Mrs. Nesbit's stories published in 1928, Christopher Morley tells how he had worked side by side with William Rose Benét for years and discovered only when Mrs. Nesbit died and Mr. Benét launched forth on a pæan of praise of her books, that both of them had been raised on E. Nesbit. Having at a tender age discovered in a little village library a copy of the "Would-Be-Goods," I had fallen an easy prey to its charm, and Mr. Benét's article had brought the warmest kind of glow to my heart, for I thought its author unknown or forgotten on this side of the water.

Ten years or so ago a "Map of Fairyland" was published in England and eventually brought over here, and among the characters portrayed on it was a strange little creature labeled "The Psammead." Not recognizing it as living in any fairy tale I knew, I had given it up as a puzzle, when one day in walked a nice Englishwoman and her children, and they, spying the creature, exclaimed as one greeting an old friend, "Oh, there's the Psammead!" To my instant inquiry she said in surprise, "Don't you know him? He's in one of E. Nesbit's books."

Thus I discovered the Psammead, and the books about him, and now, a decade later, in the very van of the fall list, comes "The Five Children." It is a friendly idea of the publishers to take the three stories which deal with Robert, Cyril, Anthea, Jane, and the Lamb and bring them out in a satisfyingly fat book for American children. The adventures of the Bastable children, heaven knows, were far from tame, but they haven't the thrill of these which have for good measure not only the Psammead but the Phœnix, the Carpet, and the Amulet. Magic comes into these stories and wishes come true, and it is all perfectly reasonable once you have, so to say, swallowed the major premise.

There are two kinds of fairy creatures, each good for a different mood. One is the lovely shimmering-winged, peaked-faced, slant-eyed, burning-haired kind that Walter de la Mare and Yeats write about and Dorothy Lathrop draws so beautifully. William Nicholson did almost the best one I ever saw in "The Velveteen Rabbit." The other kind is the domestic, homespun fairy, the brownie that helps in the kitchen, the leprachaun who makes shoes, and the creatures like Mrs. Molesworth's Cuckoo who order one about, and while they bring adventures, it is true, still moralize rather a lot about them. To this last race belong the Psammead and the Phœnix.

It is time to say for the benefit of those who were not raised on E. Nesbit that the Psammead is a sand fairy who can grant your wishes. (Only they stop at sunset.) He simply holds his breath and swells and swells and then lets it out suddenly and there you are. A dryer, more put-you-in-your-place, tempery sort of person than the Psammead never lived, but the picture I have of him with his furry, tubby body, his long snail's eyes, his little monkey hands and feet, as he scratches away suddenly and fiercely in the sand and buries himself from sight on the slightest provocation, is one that I cannot resist. To this day it gives me a tremendous thrill to read the chapter in which the Psammead is rescued and Anthea carries him home in a paper bag. I long to be Anthea and also to be Robert when he is privileged to carry the golden Phœnix in his breast. The Phœnix is so lovely and so vain, so wise and such a dear. Once the Phœnix made a poem.

Shine, great sun, the lovely Phœ-
Nix is here, and wants to be
Shone on, splendid sun, by thee!

"That's poetry!" said Cyril, decidedly.

"It's like it," said the more cautious Robert.

"I was obliged to put in 'lovely,'" said the Phœnix, modestly, "to make the line long enough."

"There are plenty of nasty words just that length," said Jane; but everyone else said, "Hush!"

In "The Five Children," apart from the natural interest of the amusing and exciting adventures that the children have with all this magic at their command, there is the charm implicit in all E. Nesbit's books. Part of it, of course, lies in the fun that is always to be found in stories about largish families of children. And the concentrated Englishness of them! Why are they so different from American children? We realize that it must be typical and not peculiar to this one story or its author, for the children in "The Golden Age" and in Mrs. Molesworth's and Mrs. Ewing's books have just the same quality. There is a sort of solidarity, a united front to—not the enemy necessarily—but to all grown-ups, even the most beloved of parents. They form a unit. No matter how much they may fight among themselves, they are yet a self-sufficient, resourceful whole, finding perfect entertainment in themselves and one another as playfellows. The days are never long enough for all the games that they think up. It is the American child whom we see so often coming to his mother and asking her what to play next, not the English, if we are to believe the books.

If for no other reason, E. Nesbit is worth reading for the delightful quips and cranks of characterization in which she revels. In half a sentence she defines a person perfectly, or a situation. Apropos of remorse, Anthea, for instance, is a child "whose inside mind was made so that she was able to be much more uncomfortable than the others." The Phœnix is "a bird of its word." The servants who were asleep "snored in a heartfelt and candid manner." The Psammead got into its travelling bag "with stiff, furry reluctance, like that of a cat when you want to nurse it, and its ideas are not the same as yours." Instances might be multiplied indefinitely, for the book is a treasure house of such. Undoubtedly a satisfying book for a birthday or Christmas. — *Junior Literary Guild.* (*Children, 8, 9 and 10.*)

Sandburg's Poetry

EARLY MOON. By CARL SANDBURG. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

FROM his much poetry Sandburg has made a charming and haunting selection in this volume for young people, and he has written a sage introduction in "Short Talk on Poetry." Moreover the decorations of James Daugherty which embellish this volume fit the text like a glove. Daugherty is suddenly recognizable as Sandburg's ideal illustrator, the illustrator he should have had all along. For these reasons we call the book a success and hope that it will go into many American homes. It is one of the books worth buying.

—*Junior Literary Guild.*

Writing in the *Manchester Guardian*, Allen Monkhouse says: "One wonders sometimes whether the books we have selected as children's classics are really what they want, whether the books we give them are not presents to ourselves or to our sense of the proprieties. Certainly there must be some little guidance of the faltering steps, but how judicious, how tentative, how free from dogmatism it should be! Don't I know a girl who steadily refused to read 'Jane Eyre' because her father's praise of it lacked discretion, held some impalpable element of admonition?

"The wisdom of the ages seems to have divided our reading life roughly into three periods. Young children are allowed a period of comparative wildness or liberty; then comes the period of educational straitness (not quite without mitigation); finally there is liberty again, but a liberty qualified by the habit of bondage. One does not quarrel with this order of things, but through all the gradations of culture the individual, even in his wildness, his irrelevance, must be preserved. We must have some beaten tracks, but we may not map out our own divergences as a guide to others."

Books of the Fall

By AMY LOVEMAN

ONCE upon a time—No, this is not a fairy story, but nevertheless it begins in the manner of the nursery tales. Once upon a time publishers smiled, and booksellers stocked books, and the public bought them. And then came a market slump, and business depression, and there followed a great wailing and gnashing of teeth because the publishing trade had fall'n on evil days. And now the bookmen are taking counsel as to the causes and cure of the ills that beset them, and praying that the winter of their discontent may be behind them, and that they may all live happily ever after. Well, we, for one, see no cause to doubt that they have better days before them, for it stands to reason that good books warrant a good market, and certainly this season's publications show a marked improvement over those of the last fall and winter.

Part, a great part, we feel sure, of the hard going from which the bookshops, and therefore the publishers, have suffered lately has been due not to bad times but to indifferent books, to the fact that the taste of the reader has been so often betrayed by utterly commonplace volumes that he has grown cautious of spending money on his library. Some blight seems to have fallen even on the established authors during the past year, so that they failed to produce of their best, with the result that even buying a name by no means insured acquiring a work of excellence. What's in a name, you may ask? Well, potential sales, at any rate. But a few disappointments, and the potentiality disappears. It takes very little to discourage a reader, especially the sort of reader who has to be led to water. Give him a few books that are dull, or trashy, or insipid, and his impulse toward reading is stillborn. Therefore, it is of good augury that this Fall's books have variety, and substance, and spice, that there are fewer among them than before of the extravagantly self-conscious, the merely made-to-order, or the sensational, and that the scholarly in many instances seems to have contrived a happy marriage with the lively.

Together with fiction, biography still maintains its position as a prime favorite. And among works of biographical and historical purport two trends stand out strikingly,—the one a return to interest in the Victorian scene and habit of mind, and the other a concern with the past and present of America. There is a whole group of books, for instance, given over to our West, volumes such as "One Man's Gold" (Whittlesey), the journal in which Enos Christman recorded the experiences of a 'Forty-Niner, and which, edited by Florence N. Whitman, is put out by the new trade department of the McGraw-Hill Company; "On the Old West Coast" (Morrow), which adds to an earlier volume of Gen. Horace Bell's further reminiscences of a ranger; "America Moves West" (Holt), by Robert E. Riegel, "Wagons West," by Elizabeth Page (Farrar & Rinehart), and "Lone Cowboy" (Scribners), a chronicle by James Boyd, presenting with the piquancy of the vernacular and all the picturesqueness of a sunburnt personality the vigorous life of the plains.

Then, to pass from the West to other sections of the country, there is Howard W. Odum's animated portrayal of the South in his "An American Epoch" (Holt), a narrative the serious analysis of which is almost concealed by the congeniality of its manner; the study of "The American Leviathan" (Macmillan), by Charles A. Beard and his son, William Beard, a student of technology, who together have made an investigation of the government of the United States as it functions in the machine age; "The Growth of the American Republic" (Oxford University Press), by S. E. Morison and H. S. Commager, and Mark Sullivan's "Pre-War America" (Scribners), the third volume of the series, "Our Times," which presents so rich a tapestry of events, personalities, and customs. A foreign view of America is presented in Lucien Lehman's "The American Illusion" (Century), while in "The Giant of the Western World" (Morrow) Francis Miller and Helen Hill uncover America's characteristics in the hope of discovering whether it will develop harmonious relationship with Europe. And finally, there has appeared one of the most interesting analyses of the complexion of the American people that has been issued for some time in Peter Odegard's interpretation of habits of thought and action in "The American Public Mind" (Columbia University Press).

And now the Victorians. They are not dead yet that had their requiem so lustily sung this past decade. The long arm of fashion, at least, has stretched from out the past to surround us again with the whatnots and the hassocks and the paperweights made of bronze animals that a generation ago were relegated to the second-hand dealers; the bustle is struggling hard to emerge from the treacherous bows that disguise it; curls are returning and the demure maiden is more in fashion than the boyish. Priestley is writing like Dickens, and the critics are acclaiming him. There is evident a less challenging note in those who write of the England of the last century as though they no longer felt themselves so completely on the defensive. Take, for instance, that exceedingly interesting book which Morrow has just issued, Esmé Wingfield-Stratford's "Those Earnest Victorians," with its portrayal of manners, and temperaments, and points of view. Mr. Wingfield-Stratford has no scorn for the Victorians. Quite to the contrary, he looks on them as a race of giants, earnest men and good, intent on making the world a better place to live in and failing not through lack of endeavor, but because they did not think to examine their gospel of work in the light of its ultimate philosophical conclusions. Mr. Wingfield-Stratford, whatever he may conclude as to the success of their civilization, restores the Victorians to respect.

Having read him, if you would enjoy some of the more intimate phases of Victorian life take E. M. Benson's "As We Were" (Longmans, Green), a "Victorian peepshow," as he entitles it, containing in its felicitously written pages entertaining anecdote and portrayal. Then there's R. D. Blumenfeld's "Bicycles and Bustles" (Brewer & Warren), whose very title stirs reminiscence, and Lord Ponsonby's "Side Lights on Queen Victoria" (Sears), with its portrayal of the "Widow at Windsor," and the new volume of Victoria's Letters which Longmans is to bring out, which ought to interest student and general reader equally. Morrow is to issue the Diaries of that powerful figure of the Victorian period, John Bright, and Houghton Mifflin is bringing out what is, alas! only a fragment of the projected Autobiography of Lord Balfour. What there is of the book we have read in proof with keenest regret that it should be so little, for the chapters in which Balfour outlines his background and early experience are of quite fascinating context. Strange that an intellect so detached, so sceptical, so inquiring as that of the author of "A Defense of Philosophic Doubt" should look back upon the years of school and college and pronounce them unmitigatedly good. Eton and Cambridge, indeed, were bathed in the beauty of a remembered delight as Balfour in old age summoned back to memory friends and teachers and experience. But he seems, at any rate, to have been a man of the most intense personal attachments and to have lived in his emotions to an extent of which the general public, which knew him as the daring young politician, the later powerful statesman, and the scholar of brilliant attainment, could hardly have any conception.

We must haste us, lest in our desire to talk of Balfour, who has always been one of our enthusiasms, we yield to the inclination to repeat his fascinating account in "Retrospect" of the appearance on the firmament of British politics of the flashing Lord Randolph Churchill instead of going on to say that the son of the latter, Winston Churchill, has in the press a volume entitled "A Roving Commission" (Scribners), which is an account of his early years. And while we are on the subject of British statesmen, we might as well introduce now instead of later the fact that the late Lord Birkenhead shortly before his death had produced a volume of forecast entitled "The World in 2030" (Brewer & Warren). We understand that there has been considerable controversy raging in England as to the originality of some of its enunciations; Lord Birkenhead apparently admitted that they had not had their first source with him. And incidentally, though we have no time or space for such interpolations, we can't resist remarking on the fashion in which the youth that fills the columns of our newspapers occasionally betrays its own lack of years. For didn't one of our evening papers come out on Lord Birkenhead's death with the statement that "of the millions who knew him by that name probably few have ever heard of Frederick E. Smith"? Well, we are not an octogenarian, or near, but we vividly recall the days when the papers printed anecdotes of "Freddie" Smith, or "F. E.," and when they found it necessary to write "Lord Birkenhead (Frederick E. Smith)." But that's neither here nor there, and it certainly doesn't get us any further with our task.

We haven't nearly finished enumerating

(*Continued on page 214*)

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Swansdown, the Kitten

By Elizabeth Coatsworth

SWANSDOWN, the kitten,
Sleeps all day,
Chin on one mitten,
And thoughts astray,

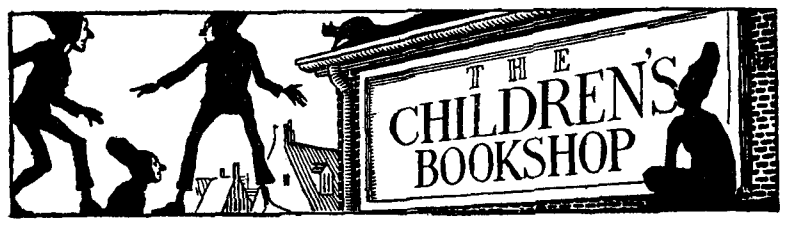
Languid and lazy,
With eyes grown wild—
Swansdown, the kitten,
Is heavy with child.

The spring comes on,
Birds fill the air,
But Swansdown raises
A lackluster stare.

The string that enraptured her,
Dangles in vain,
She will never chase after
Her tail again.

What it is waits her
She does not know,
Swansdown, the kitten,
Moves weary and slow.

She does not guess
That her own kittens soon
Shall chase their short tails
And dance in the moon.



Conducted by Marion Ponsonby

Reviews

THE BOYS AND SALLY. By Rose B. Knox. New York: Doubleday, Doran. 1930. $2.

MYSTERY OF WORLD'S END. By Helen Berger. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1930. $2.

BETTY BRADFORD, ENGINEER. By Mary Montague Davis. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1930. $1.75.

GOLDEN RIVER. By Margaret Young Lull. New York: Harper & Bros. 1930. $2.

THE BLUE BANDITS. By Lucile Morrison. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1930. $1.75.

Reviewed by Marion C. Dodd

HOW much real information as to a book's geographical background percolates to the child reader is an uncertain question, if the book is written with sufficient regard to the prime requirement, interest. If it does classify as thoroughly readable the child may turn into that absorbed audience which forgets all backgrounds in the immediate thrill. If, on the other hand, it is not interesting, no backgrounds on earth will cause it to be read. I myself like to put into children's hands books about countries foreign to their own or about sections of their own country distant from where they live. I believe a good deal does percolate and will find a niche in the subconscious, and be aroused when the right train of association is started. But such books have rather special requirements for being well done.

Here are five which belong to this class, one of Hawaii, three of California, and one of the South. Only two, "Betty Bradford" and "The Boys and Sally," have a really satisfactory combination of a natural, well-sustained style, an acceptable story (which does not mean that the story may not, as in the case of "The Boys and Sally," be an extremely simple one, and a faithful and lively picture of surroundings distinctly localized and prominent enough to register). The other three have one quality or another, but not all.

"The Boys and Sally" is merely an account, followed through an entire year, of life on a plantation as seen and experienced by a little Northerner who enters into everything with the vim of new sensations. The reader finds Sally's interest contagious and her adventures in this new life very intriguing, and so—at least for the child unfamiliar with this life—the trick is done (perhaps for the young Southerner familiarity will, on the other hand, lend an equal enchantment). A thread of family mystery, as to relatives lost track of in Civil War time, lends narrative interest also, and Manning DeV. Lee's lively illustrations could not be dispensed with. This book, it should be said, is for slightly younger readers than any of the other four, but I include it here because of its success as one of the type under consideration.

The Hawaiian book, "Mystery of World's End," arouses great hopes in its reader. An excellent and unusual situation is unfolded at once, in an equally unusual background, and as to story and style every hope is fulfilled. The little boy whose sick mind has made him believe he is crippled is brought to full health and physical activity by means of a friendly family plot which brings on more mystery and excitement than was ever conceived of in the original plan. We do not get enough, however, of the Hawaiian background, which serves, as the author handles it, only to pique our interest, so lightly is it sketched in. A little more emphasis on this side and this book would be a real achievement, but just as it stands it is very delightful. An interesting opportunity for more extensive illustration, however, was not seized.

California!—what odd assorted impressions must the benighted Easterner form of her characteristics and opportunities from all that is told and written! I am not sure that any of these three Californian books will add to his enlightenment; certainly not "The Blue Bandits"—again for younger-than-adolescents — and unfortunately very cheaply made. It can claim only a thread of historical interest in old bandit customs to place it with the type we are discussing. Children, however, will enjoy the adventures of this make-believe bandit gang, and perhaps profit by the suggestions of the good sportsmanship suitable to all gangs and the neighborhood usefulness possible for them, if they are turned that way rather than contrariwise.

"Betty Bradford," the other one of the two books which, as I have said, seem to fulfil our fundamental requirements, calls for an older and more sophisticated reader and carries her (it should be "her") all the way from the atmosphere of an Eastern boarding school to the man's world of Western engineering—of solving huge problems among uncompromising but inspiring natural surroundings and of living in rough camps that are run for work and not for play. The style is lively and the ideas wholesome, and there is an undercurrent of suggestion as to what a sophisticated Eastern education is for and what uses may be made of it. A good deal of real enlightenment for Eastern girls lies between the covers, and a dash of romance and adventure are not forgotten.

Our third California story, "Golden River," received honorable mention in the Harper Fiction for Girls contest, so it is a little disappointing to find it an amalgam of the well-tried situations of the unpopular school girl who wins through to popularity, the flood-and-rescue adventure over broken levees, and the neighborhood family feuds finally resolved. Each part, however, is well done, with vitality and truthfulness and without overstrain, and a picture comes through of life in the Delta section of the Sacramento river which will offer interest and novelty to many readers. This, like Betty," is a real "girl's book."

Illustration for "Gay Go Up."

THE POINTED PEOPLE. By Rachel Field. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1930. $1.25.

GAY GO UP. By Rose Fyleman. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1930.

DAD AND I. By Eva Little McElevey. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by Harriet Eager Davis

WHAT books will children like? There is no riddle more eternal. For no sooner has the well-intentioned adult set up his airy superstructure of theory than along comes a flesh-and-blood child to crash it down with one unconscious gesture of reality.

Of the three little books of verse, "The Pointed People," "Gay Go Up" and "Dad and I," the reviewer had, after conscientious musing, selected "Gay Go Up" as the most child-like in content and appeal. But when experimented upon, two arbiters of very tender age decided somewhat otherwise. Both, to be sure, loved "Gay Go Up" yet Big Brother with the touch of whimsy, but, according to adult statistics, not within years of poetry-loving age, fell instantly under the spell of Rachel Field's poetic wistfulness, while Bubby, who can be charmed from his widest howl by such home-made doggerel as "Where toes? Where nose? Bubby knows!" immediately claimed the plaid cover and jingling rhymes of "Dad and I" as MY BOOK, even substituting its sharp corners for his usual softer animal bed-mate that night.

So it is with all due humility and admission of mortal error from the start that the reviewer offers her adult opinion of these three books for what it may be worth to other guardians of mysterious childhood.

The trio might be nicknamed: "The Wistful Child" (The Pointed People); "The Happy Child" (Gay Go Up) and "The Commonplace Child" (Dad and I). Each seems to express a trend in today's juvenile verse-making—the somewhat adult and truly poetic, the gayly light and child-like and the realistic, awkwardly rendered.

As pure poetry, "The Pointed People" undoubtedly ranks high among recent books for children. Originally stamped with the seal of a University press, this little collection by the latest winner of the Newberry medal has been reprinted, with revisions and further material, in a new edition. Through its pages, decorated by Miss Field's own silhouettes, runs a note of wistfulness, like the unconscious plaintive hum of a misunderstood and solitary small girl. Every once-wistful child will recognize the mood of uneasy wonder on cold nights by the cosy family fireside, as to

. . . where and how
All the hurdy-gurdy men
Are playing now,

or those first pangs of mingled vanity and self-depreciation of "My Inside-Self," with its contrast between one's freckled and gingham outside and the "little Inside Self in gown of misty rose."

But when the child muses upon a blurry window pane where "a lady must have cried . . . long ago," or follows a moment of ecstacy by

I watched that bluebird fly
And knew with a queer dull pain
That nothing now can ever seem
So blue to me again

the mood seems hardly childlike, but rather the sadness of the grown-up watching or remembering that swift, unknowing passing of life's Golden Age.

Not at all introspective, not at all lonely, indeed very chubby, cheerful, and sociable, is the small person who sings through the pleasing pages of Rose Fyleman's "Gay Go Up." Something of a tomboy she is too, with space in her playground even for grubby small boys. Indeed one small boy became so bewitched by "The New Neighbor," an amusing series of questions in rhyme between two freshly acquainted young gentlemen, that the verses were demanded aloud exactly thirteen times in succession, while the opening line: "Have you had your tonsils out?" became the morning slogan shouted from crib to crib.

Bingo, indispensable canine companion of normal childhood, romps through its pages, alive and up to tricks, in significant contrast to Miss Field's "See Saw," the passing of whose dear dog-days is recorded with one poem of touching simplicity. There is a procession of ducks and rabbits, shop-windows and Christmas trees, baked beans and ices, childhood realities softened and colored by Miss Fyleman's humorous fancy.

The intention of "Dad and I" is so good and the author's knowledge of child-life so genuine that it is a pity her gift is not greater. The book is uneven and rather cheap, best in some of Mrs. McElevey's shortest poems where she has said her say quickly with less time to commit literary *faux-pas*. Time and again she spoils a good child idea by bad poetic taste and cripples a pleasing thought with limping verse. Indeed, for a child in whom one hopes to cultivate poetic appreciation—and does that not mean any child?—"Dad and I" might prove dangerous by its very probability of popularity. For its choo-choo trains with their clacketty-clacks, its bow-wows and rubber boots, its roller skates and penny-boxes would make so certain an appeal by very familiarity that faults of taste would with equal certainty be not only overlooked but disastrously swallowed by our omniverous and indiscriminating young. Rachel Field may offer clover-honey, Rose Fyleman a crisp red apple, but Mrs. McElevey dangles in all good faith a somewhat doubtful lollypop from the penny store.

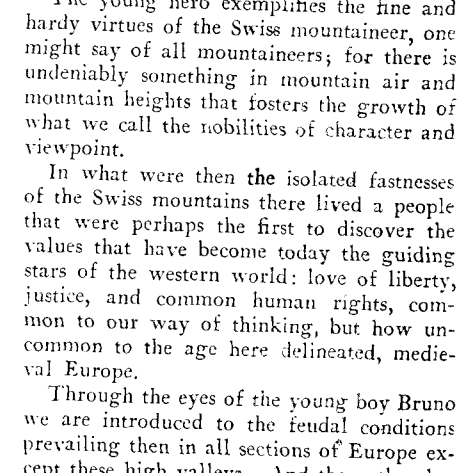


Illustration for "Mountains Are Free."

MOUNTAINS ARE FREE. By Julia Davis Adams. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by Elizabeth C. Miller

HERE is a stirring story of old Switzerland in the actual days of Wilhelm Tell with a pretty wide age appeal, anywhere, I should say, from ten to ninety, though the book would probably fall under the classification of twelve to sixteen. It is a grand tale and moving. The illustrations, by Theodore Nadeen, which are plentiful, are not only fitting—which is high praise for any artist—but they are done with an imaginative realism and a decorative touch that makes the reader glad they are there.

The young hero exemplifies the fine and hardy virtues of the Swiss mountaineer, one might say of all mountaineers; for there is undeniably something in mountain air and mountain heights that fosters the growth of what we call the nobilities of character and viewpoint.

In what were then the isolated fastnesses of the Swiss mountains there lived a people that were perhaps the first to discover the values that have become today the guiding stars of the western world: love of liberty, justice, and common human rights, common to our way of thinking, but how uncommon to the age here delineated, medieval Europe.

Through the eyes of the young boy Bruno we are introduced to the feudal conditions prevailing then in all sections of Europe except these high valleys. And the author has had the admirable courage to show medieval life, not with its glamor, though that is implied, but in all its essential coarseness, brutality, and injustice.

Bruno leaves his mountains to sojourn in a world where all he has been bred to believe worthwhile is completely subverted. "The right of might" is a fine phrase, but in practice it was a truly horrible thing and this Miss Adams is not afraid to show her readers young or old.

The life in the Austrian castle is vividly portrayed, and faithfully. One hears the clang of the portcullis, one sees the litter of the stately dining hall, one witnesses the accepted cruelty and unthinking injustice of the rulers of the land, a cruelty and injustice that seeped in a descending scale through the underlords and down to the pitiful serfs. After some days with Bruno in the castle one can only gasp, "How far we have come since these things were knightly and admired!" This sort of living is unthinkable to our modern minds, but it does not hurt us nor our comfortable young people to know that it once throve on the face of the earth.

But the thing is not overdone, for it serves as a foil for the high courage and noble simplicity of the mountain life and sets the reader irrevocably on the side of the brave Swiss when the lords of Austria and their representative, the infamous Gessler, try to oppress and subdue the unconquerable spirit of the mountain men. Tell appears in the story and you watch him suffer as he shoots his apple; but it is not his story, it is a bigger story than that, and he is only a symbol of the spirit of his people.

Miss Adams has done a fine piece of work that takes the reader with her all the way. There is authentic stuff here and a conscientious handling of historical facts, but there is more than that; there is life, and human life, struggling for the things all men value now but which in the days Miss Adams describes were a blinding strange light in the eyes of rapacious overlords and their helpless serfs.

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Author Flayed by the Prints of Wales

CARADOC EVANS was the first novelist ever to portray a bad Welshman, the result of which was that copies of his books were burned in Wales, denounced from pulpits, attacked by the press. Once Mr. Evans was being shaved by a Welsh barber in London. The barber, not knowing his customer, said, "If I had Caradoc Evans here I would slash his throat." After a lecture at Cambridge, Welsh undergraduates were so furious that Mr. Evans had to have police protection.

He worked as a young man in a London department store, and collected waste paper on which to write his first stories. He was frequently close to starvation. After two books of stories and a play, he has now written his first novel, NOTHING TO PAY. Frank Swinnerton, Hugh Walpole, Thomas Burke, J. B. Priestley are among the warm admirers of his work. He has been called the bitterest satirist since Swift. You have never read a novel like NOTHING TO PAY. There has never been a novel remotely like it. As H. L. Mencken says, "He has developed a new form of fiction."

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BOOKS OF SPECIAL INTEREST

A Jewish Idealist

THE DAYS OF OUR YEARS. By ISRAEL KASOVICH. New York: Jordan Publishing Company. 1930.

Reviewed by HARRY E. BURROUGHS
Author of "Tale of a Vanished Land"

BY means of this book, very gently and wistfully, the spirit of Israel Kasovich, deep thinker and poor business man, begins to move without ostentation through the world of English-speaking readers. His life is so typical of the scholarly and impractical Jew of the epoch just past, so closely involved with the experience of the intellectually curious and the naïve idealist of any land and time, that I feel sure he will not be received as a stranger.

Quite early in life, Kasovich acknowledged to himself that he was not likely to amass a fortune. Once in a while, most particularly when he was courting the charming girl who later became his wife, Fayga Rivka, he shows a burst of confidence in the future, but the mood, he realizes always, is just another pleasing product of his imagination. He tries tutoring, the fish business, the paint trade, even coal and iron mining in Russia. In America he is forced to become a peddler, trembling before each unopened door. Once, quite late in life, impelled by a racial longing for the land, he buys a farm. Inevitably, his projects are doomed. He shakes his head sadly, smiles, and goes on his way.

What was the way of Israel Kasovich? The impression one carries away from the book is not the image of a beaten man, or a futile and ineffectual one. His life was no succession of commercial failures, but a steady process of mental growth and expansion. He experienced great love and nourished it perpetually. He spent quiet evenings talking about God, art, and humanity. He learned from some men and taught others. The high lights of his career, as he tells it, consist in visits with Sholom Aleichem, with whom he listened to Warshavsky's songs, in evenings spent alone in his library, which contained all the famous Hebrew writings, the matchless literature of Russia and, as he puts it, "of all other countries."

Sholom Aleichem, it seems, was no more successful than Kasovich at making money.

"My heart was filled with sorrow and shame at the thought that our great writer must waste his precious time and talents looking for customers to sell coal to," Kasovich writes, referring to his distinguished contemporary. But he quotes a letter which reveals that Sholom Aleichem took his failure much more lightly than did his friends. The great humorist says, in thanking Kasovich for the loan of some magazines:

"I suppose we shall meet again, at some auction or at a police station, and then I'll reciprocate, never fear!"

And he ends with one of his characteristic paradoxes:

"Remember me to your son-in-law, though I do not know him personally, and he'll surely remember me to your daughter."

Mr. Kasovich's second marriage, while disappointing enough for him, serves to record some of the difficulties of the transitional period through which so many Jewish families were forced to pass when they settled in America. The second Mrs. Kasovich has "American" ideas. She wants her husband to accompany her to the movies and to help her put on her coat. Kasovich is hurt. His dignity, which, in fact, loses a little of its effectiveness as he becomes more conscious of it himself, is wounded. In his heart is enshrined the bride of his youth. There is trouble, recriminations, and finally divorce. Yet, he does not gloss over the unpleasant incidents, and that makes the book more convincing as a whole.

Kasovich was the type of Jew who suffered most in Russia, for he not only shared the privations of his less sensitive brethren, but was oppressed continually by the discrepancy between his fine ideal of justice in the abstract and what took place from day to day within his sight. He never enjoyed a moment in Kiev or what was then St. Petersburg because those cities were forbidden to all Jews not holding a merchant's license of the "first class." He underwent moral torment while waiting in a mining village for the arrival of the official who had the power to send him away. Although he was never injured in a pogrom, the fact that his co-religionists were being butchered drove him from his beloved Russia the second time.

Dostoievsky once wrote that "man could survive where the hog would perish, and laugh while the gods went mad." Each time a human document confirms that quality in the human race, one cannot help but be thrilled. In saying this, I do not wish to give the impression that Kasovich's book is a complaint, for he affirms at the very end that his zest for life and his belief in the potentialities of his fellows has remained intact. He says:

> When I grew older, I fully realized how impossible it is to accuse and to condemn. For how can I be in the other man's position—in exactly the same circumstances, with the same nature, the same temperament, and the same training and antecedent as he? I realized that hatred not only is a sin against the person hated, but that it is a bad thing for the hater.

The translator, Maximilian Hurwitz, has done his best to make the book completely understandable to American readers. I believe, at times, that he tried a little too hard, that without the footnotes or the glossary the readers would have been able to sense obscure meanings. The style, as it appears in English, is patient and satisfying. If here and there a phrase or a metaphor appear trite, it may be explained in part by the difficulty which always attends the transplanting of a masterpiece in one language into the medium of another.

It goes without saying that Jews will enjoy "The Days of Our Years." I should like, however, to recommend it to my Gentile friends, in the interest of a better mutual acquaintance.

The Dark Continent

TRAMPING THROUGH AFRICA. By WILLIAM J. W. ROOME. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1930.

Reviewed by JULIAN FEISS

IN perusing this book, one is impressed with the tremendous amount of territory that the writer has covered. He has walked across equatorial Africa twelve times and in addition has made side trips north into the Sudan as well as south to Southern Rhodesia. The book is taken from a journal and is the simple account of Mr. Roome's travels in the interior as well as along the African coast. It is written from the standpoint of a missionary who makes safaris of many months into the interior to visit and inspect missions where he represents the British and Foreign Bible Societies. During the course of his travels Mr. Roome visits Lake Victoria, Lake Nyassa, Zanzibar, Dar es Salaam, Mombassa, Uganda, Zanderland, and the Pygmy country; he travels down the Congo and, at the end of the book, visits Victoria Falls en route to Chitambo where the book ends. Chitambo is indeed a fitting place to terminate Mr. Roome's travels for it is here that Africa's greatest missionary, David Livingstone, died.

This book might be said to be valuable chiefly from the ethnological standpoint. Mr. Roome is an extremely able observer and has recorded the legends and customs of the various tribes he has met in a clear and graphic manner. The book is well illustrated with excellent photographs, the majority of which depict scenes of native activities. The only criticism of the volume might be that Mr. Roome is too impersonal. One feels that it would be pleasant to hear of some of the traveler's reactions to the many scenes he has witnessed. The book is almost too scientific in its lack of emotion. Its description, for instance, of Zanzibar is perfect in a photographic manner, but those of Mr. Roome's readers who have been in Zanzibar, will be aware that there is something missing. It is not until one has left this episode behind that one realizes that the element of atmosphere and past romance is absent; and doubtless there are few places on the globe more suggestive of the past, of tropical beauty and glamor, than the streets of Zanzibar. We miss the carved doorways, the smell of cloves, the twisty, narrow streets, the veiled Arab belles peeking at us from behind the barred windows, the sleepy donkeys, the scribes sitting cross-legged before their little tables with quill pen and spectacles, the call of the water carrier, the musty ivory shops with the tusks piled high behind the counters, and, one might add, we even miss the cockroaches. Mr. Roome has described many of these sights yet he has missed the spirit of Zanzibar. Yet as a journal of African travel, this book can be well recommended. Seldom does one come across a more interesting commentary on the many people within that vast territory.

"Old Marlborough"

MEMOIRS OF SARAH, DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH. Edited by WILLIAM KING. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 1930. $5.

Reviewed by DAVID HARRIS WILLSON
University of Minnesota

SARAH CHURCHILL, the first Duchess of Marlborough, cannot be called an amiable woman. "Three Furies reigned in her breast," wrote Swift, "the most mortal enemies of all softer passions, which were sordid Avarice, disdainful Pride, and ungovernable Rage." The indictment, though severe, must be allowed. Nevertheless she possessed a vigorous mentality, a political sagacity, and a fixity of purpose which cannot but be admired and which for many years enabled her to dominate the weaker mind of her mistress, Queen Anne, the last and perhaps the dullest of Stuart sovereigns. Their intimacy began in childhood and increased with years. After Anne's marriage in 1683, Sarah was appointed one of the ladies of her bedchamber and soon became the prime favorite, a position which she retained for the next quarter of a century. It was about this time that Anne proposed the famous nicknames by which the two addressed each other in terms of complete equality. "Morley and Freeman," writes the Duchess, "were the names her fancy hit upon, and she left me to choose by which of them I would be called. My frank, open temper naturally led me to pitch upon Freeman, and so the Princess took the other, and from this time Mrs. Morley and Mrs. Freeman began to converse as equals, made so by affection and friendship." The frankness and candor of the Duchess in her dealings with the Queen, upon which she loves to comment in her memoirs, are, one fears, but euphemisms for the scolding and imperious tone which she took towards all about her and which the presence of royalty itself could not subdue.

When Anne became Queen in 1702, the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough attained a position of great power and dominated English politics until 1710. But even before that date, the affections of "Mrs. Morley" for her "faithful Mrs. Freeman" began to cool. The violent temper of the Duchess was at last arousing resentment. And Anne hated the Whigs upon whose political support the Duke was coming more and more to rely. In the year 1707 a new favorite appeared in Mrs. Abigail Masham, who used her influence in favor of the Tories and against the Marlboroughs. Mrs. Masham soothed where the Duchess ruffled, and the coolness between Anne and her old favorite became an open quarrel. In 1710, after a final stormy interview in which even the Duchess admits that she was disrespectful to the Queen, she was dismissed from her employment at court. She survived her disgrace for over thirty years, spending most of her time in quarreling with her relatives and in preparing her memoirs.

The memoirs of the Duchess illustrate in a marked degree her impregnable faith in her own right conduct and her unrelenting hatred toward her foes. She pictures herself as serving Anne without ambition, only to be rewarded by ingratitude and neglect. Episodes difficult of explanation are glossed over or omitted altogether. She attacks her enemies with a bitterness which seemed to grow with passing years.

Memoirs such as these are of small historical importance. They might be ignored altogether save that they portray the character of the Duchess and deal with certain episodes about which little else is known. They have all been printed long since. Nor are they of interest as literature. Nevertheless, scholars will find this modern edition a convenience and the general reader will enjoy the spiteful comments of "Old Marlborough."

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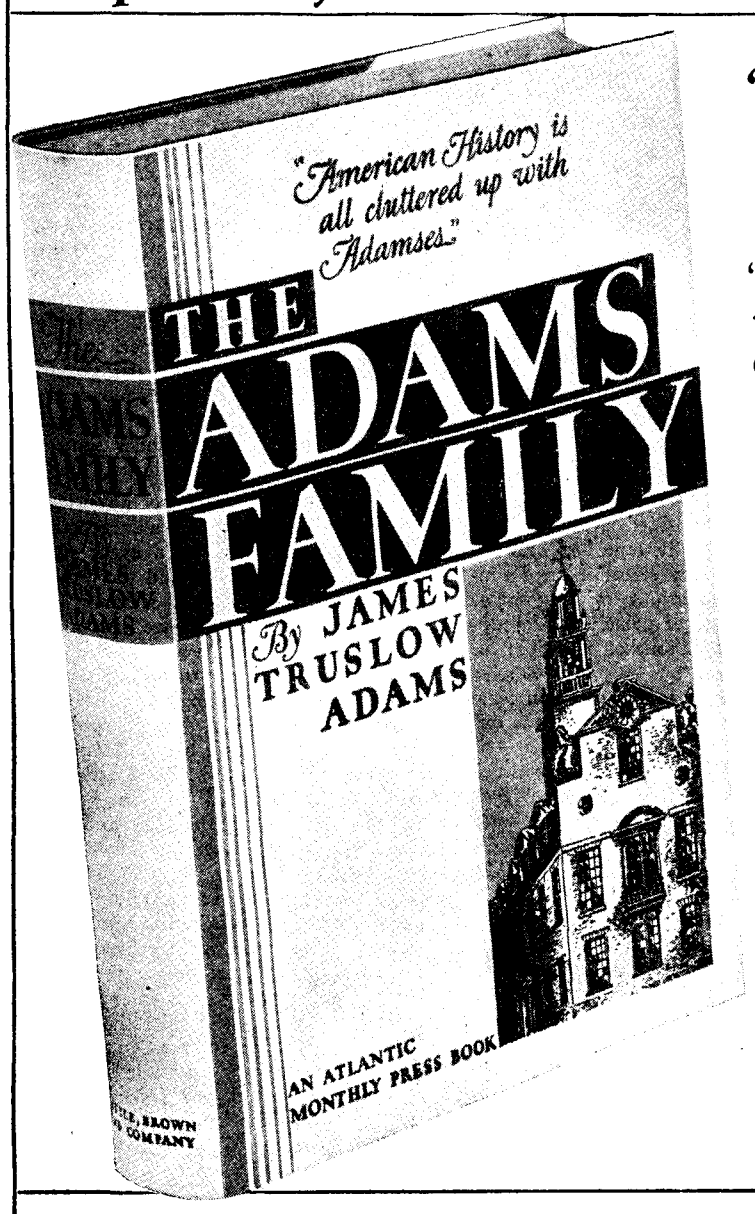
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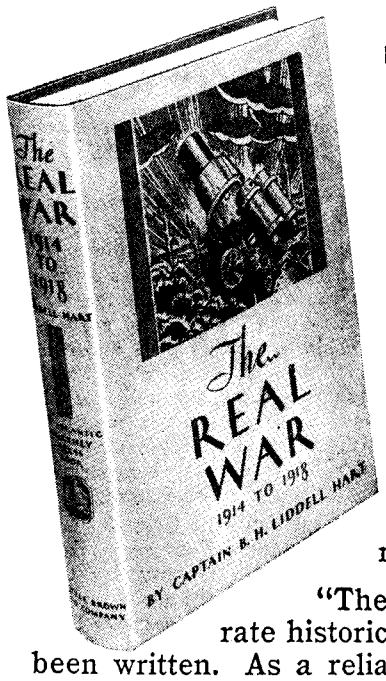

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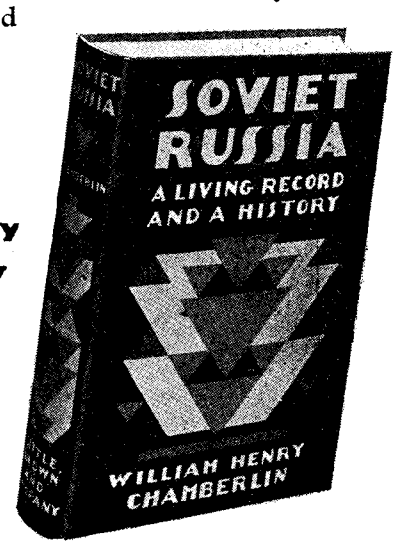

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Books of Special Interest

On Pragmatism

INDECENCY AND THE SEVEN ARTS, and Other Adventures of a Pragmatist in esthetics. By HORACE M. KALLEN. New York: Horace Liveright. 1930. $2.50.
HOW TO READ BOOKS. By LLEWELLYN JONES. New York: W. W. Norton & Company. 1930. $2.50.
THE ART OF READING. By A. R. ORAGE. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by JAMES ORRICK

PRAGMATISM is a very difficult word to define, unless, indeed, it means simply, "By their fruits ye shall know them." In such a case, Pragmatism is not so much a school of thought as a convenient approach to problems, utilized in greater or less degree by thinkers of every school. And so when a critic takes the trouble to declare himself a pragmatist in esthetics, one expects to gain from him a clearer idea of the meaning of Pragmatism than one had before.

If we are to believe Mr. Kallen, "To discern the origins of the schools and the cults, to search out their elements, how they come together, how they stay together, what they claim, what they do to make good their claims, how they do it, by what activities they survive and by what chances they perish, is the function and program of Pragmatism in esthetics." A good many people are likely to exclaim here with M. Jourdain that they have been speaking prose all their lives without knowing it. And after carefully perusing the eleven essays (of by no means equal value) which Mr. Kallen collects somewhat misleadingly — though doubtless for purposes of advertising—under the title of the first, many readers will still feel that the unique quality which distinguishes Pragmatism has eluded them.

That, as the author explains, these essays are only "occasional and sporadic episodes," must be taken into account; but even in those which treat subjects of fundamental importance he never seems to go quite to the heart of the question. In the first essay, he sets out to show with truth that censorship, in one form or another, has always existed, and that the present age is characterized by the conflict of censorship. "Modern society," explains Mr. Kallen, "has yet no one central interest, such as made the glory of Greece or the splendor of Rome or the sadness of the Middle Ages or the exuberance of the Renaissance or the sweet reasonableness of the eighteenth century."

It is evident that pragmatism does not preclude sweeping generalization, and that on questionable grounds. What, to ask but one question, of the sweet reasonableness of such eighteenth century figures as Pope and Swift and Dr. Johnson and Lord North and George III, of Rousseau and Voltaire and Diderot and Madame du Deffand, of Frederick the Great, of Catherine of Russia? Censorship in these ages did not owe its character to some mysterious "responsiveness to organic culture." It proceeded, as an effective censorship can only proceed, from the efficient exercise of autocratic power.

Facetiousness and other tricks of style seriously detract from Mr. Kallen's book as a whole. On the one hand he permits himself such expressions as "Bunk! Sheer bunk!" and "'Nuff Sed," and dismisses Humanism as "a lot of baloney," while leaning decidedly on the other towards pseudo-scientific Latinisms. He defends "maturation and senescence" by an ingenious argument and declares: "When 'growing old' will become generally accepted as 'senescence' much of its hardship will vanish." The present writer must confess that for him growing old has no terrors comparable to those of "senescence."

The most serious essay is the last—that on "The Essence of Tragedy." Tragedy, the author thinks, owes "its high place among the arts" to the fact that it presents a conflict of values. But this is a rational abstraction, and tragedy works through the emotions. Mr. Kallen would have done well to ponder the saying he quotes from Horace Walpole—"The world is a comedy for those who think and a tragedy for those who feel." "Among theorists of tragedy there have been Aristotelians and Romanticists," says Mr. Kallen, "no others." But there has been one other, and that is Aristotle himself. To Mr. Kallen, Aristotle's definition "is a definition of the tragedy of Greek letters" only; that is, "if we except the function of Katharsis." If, however, we do not except it, but retain it as the cornerstone, Aristotle's definition is of the essence of tragedy; and this Mr. Kallen's theory, which has too much of the pale cast of thought, is not.

* * *

Mr. Llewellyn Jones, the author of the small volume on "How to Read Books," is also a pragmatist, but adheres to the special type of Pragmatism known as Instrumentalism. This unpretentious book will be found interesting by many whom its title might not attract. The author advises those who seek initiation into contemporary philosophy to "shun the 'outline of' and the 'story of'," and he is in every way entitled to give such a caution. He himself never "writes down" in the false "popular" style too often met with. His book is clear and suited to the inexperienced reader because it is simple, well-knit, well-expressed, and distinguished by a sense of perspective. His examples are stimulating, never hackneyed, and sometimes unexpected.

Mr. Jones has little in common with his fellow pragmatist, Mr. Kallen, except a distrust of the New Humanism, which he expresses with considerably more urbanity.

* * *

Mr. A. R. Orage, whose book "The Art of Reading" is more than its title conveys, is a critic of different water. His book is a collection of short criticisms on a wide variety of subjects, published for the most part in *The New Age* over a considerable period of time, but possessing a conspicuous unity. It is journalism, but of a distinguished kind. And it is excellent criticism, free from provincialism either geographical or intellectual—"of the centre," Matthew Arnold would have called it. There is much that recalls Arnold in Mr. Orage's view of the critic's function: "A critic has principles—call them fixed preferences, if you will; while a dilettante exposes his mind to any and every sensation, and simply records his impressions, without judging them." And "these principles of judgment should be the established principles of the world's literature."

Mr. Orage belongs to the common sense school as opposed to rationalism on the one hand and romanticism on the other—or rather as including both. Harmony between heart and head, which is reason, is achieved by common sense. Though he has some of the faults as well as the virtues of the "brilliant common sense" he advocates, Mr. Orage is an idealist and, in a fine word which is just now in danger of being spoiled by its temporary associations, a humanist. But he is more; he is a discriminating critic. "Power," he says (of Maeterlinck), "is hard to come by; but power without ideas, without right ideas, is no better than barbarism." Would Mr. Kallen call it Pragmatism?

A Hard-Fisted Man

JOHN MARSH, PIONEER. By GEORGE D. LYMAN. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1930. $3.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

ON September 24, 1856, a certain Dr. John Marsh, rancher and physician, was murdered near Martinez, California, by some half-breed Mexicans with whom he had quarreled over a question of wages. He was one of the most prominent citizens of the State; the Governor proclaimed a reward of one thousand dollars for the capture of his principal assassin, and a lawsuit over the division of his rich property became a *cause célèbre*. He left behind him a peculiar reputation. There was a son, the fruit of an irregular union in Minnesota with a Sioux girl. There were strange tales of his adventures, some creditable and some discreditable, in half a dozen frontier regions—at Fort Snelling, at Prairie du Chien, and at Independence on the Missouri River. There were records to show that his arrest had at one time been ordered by the United States Government for the crime of selling arms to the Indians. Strangest of all, there was a Harvard diploma, which he had carried with him in all his wanderings. He had arrived in California as early as 1836, had been the first American physician in that far-off region, had developed a ranch which in 1841 became the first center of American immigration, and had played an important role in the days of the American conquest and the great gold rush. Altogether, this Harvard-bred adventurer and pioneer, whose impressive stone house still stands vacant today in California, as if under some curse, was a person to arouse curiosity.

Dr. Lyman—himself a physician—has satisfied this curiosity in a manner deserving of the utmost praise. To every phase of Dr. Marsh's variegated and picturesque career he has given devoted research, and has presented the results in a well-proportioned, well-documented, and very readable volume. It is a striking career that he has unveiled, and a still more striking character—full of faults but full also of strength and energy. Marsh began life as a boy in Salem, Mass., in the first years of the nineteenth century. He entered Harvard in the same class (1826) with George Ripley and Thomas Dorr of Dorr's Rebellion fame, and was promptly expelled for cause, but later returned for his degree. Arriving at Fort Snelling on the Mississippi as a tutor for the officers' children, he was soon living with an Indian woman, quarreling with a peppery major, and getting into numerous other scrapes. His friendship with the Sioux, and consequent hostility for the Sauk and Foxes, enabled him to play a part in starting that most disgraceful of our Indian Wars, the struggle with Black Hawk. Setting out hurriedly for the West to avoid a Federal penitentiary, he was soon one of the men who really swayed California's destiny; for he helped to oust the last Mexican governor, Micheltorena, and instal the Californian, Pio Pico, before the stormy days in 1845-56. Dr. Lyman has painted him with the wart, never concealing the fact that he was a man of elastic moral standards, ready to lie, shoot, or break a law in a tight place, and with a disagreeable streak of the vengeful in his nature.

Spies and Spying

I SPY. By BARONESS CARLA JENSSEN. Dodd, Mead. 1930. $3.

THIS latest book about spies and spying will appeal to the public which likes literature of this kind. Its novelty lies in the fact that the author, who was first an unofficial agent in South Africa and later served with the British Intelligence Service from 1923-1927, writes not of the familiar adventures during the World War, but of present day activities. She intends to make clear that espionage in peace times is almost as prevalent as in war times, and that it is practiced by all European nations. Some of the post-war duties of the secret agent are to locate places where rebels hide munitions, to prevent diamond smuggling, to defeat the distribution of narcotics, and to curb the world-wide activities of the Soviet. These efforts of the spy to expose illegal traffic, she protests, reveal his unfailing self-sacrifice and courage in the face of danger, and his essential nobility of purpose. They make him a member of a much misunderstood but highly honorable profession. In the Preface the author tells the distressing end to which she came in spite of her unselfish loyalty; but she does not satisfy her reader by concluding her narrative with the details of her misfortune.

The spy fan will be most interested in the authors revelations about the methods used by agents in uncovering their "subjects." Some of the more intriguing are the administration of narcotics by poisoned kisses, against which the spy has been immunized by the application of a neutralizing salve, by the use of sleeping powders inhaled from the petals of flowers, and by aphrodisiac perfumes and potions. When a "subject" is completely demoralized, the evidence of his guilt is stolen—in one case from his boots. The author describes, with dramatic interest, how she in turn used each of these effective weapons.

She tells her story with considerable skill. This reader was amazed by the facility with which a Danish woman who learn English from the British falls int takably American idiom. It gives for thought.

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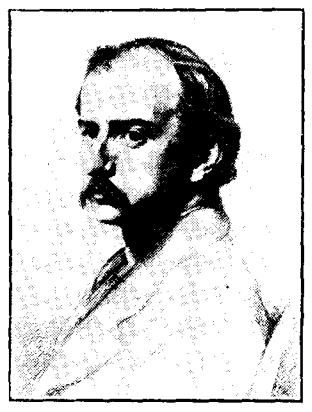

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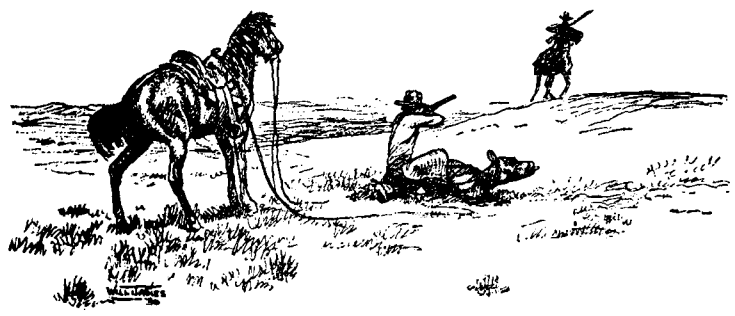

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Round about Parnassus

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

WE write in complete frankness, and we must admit that it is difficult for our mind to retain much of the poetry of Edith Sitwell. Yesterday we read and read for more than an hour in the beautiful fifteen dollar limited edition of the "Collected Poems of Edith Sitwell," from Houghton Mifflin, and stuffed our cranium with a wealth of daring imagery, and this afternoon we find ourself quite as empty as we were in the beginning. We have been thinking it over. What is lacking in this poetry? Well, the whole "innards" of poetry seems to us to be lacking. Miss Sitwell aptly calls one group of her poems "Façade," but most of them seem to us to be façade,—a façade most beautifully decorated, fantastically gorgeous in color and design, baroque to the limit, a delight to the eye, a rainbow to the mind, and powerless to awake in us the slightest emotion.

Or more truly, what we are reminded of are the achievements of an accomplished confectioner, and confectionary is perfectly charming to eat, but hardly a square meal. It is not (for all the nymphs and Sultans, unicorns, Magnificos and dairymaids with butter-yellow hair) that Miss Sitwell does not also write with irony, occasionally with heat, and on other occasions with a striking ability to convey a gruesome atmosphere,—it is that between herself and her reader she has purposely erected a crystal wall. Behind this wall the figures of her fancy move and gesture like real people, they are obviously ecstatic or distraught at times. We see them glimmering through the motions of various human drama, but the crystal wall of the style the poet has adopted forbids us to discover what, after all, it is really all about. The verse is entirely patrician if it may be premised that the true patrician never for an instant allows his or her heart to be caught off guard or the depths of self to be revealed. In life, in the midst of people constantly splashing round in their emotions, this is often a trait to be admired. It is the fine flower of self-respect. But in art it, at least, makes accomplishment cryptic.

We can appreciate the exuberant fancy of Miss Sitwell, the abundance and variety of color of her verse, the wild simile and metaphor that so peculiarly decorate it, but we cannot lose ourselves in the work. We realize that she is doing dextrous things, that she is making ingenious experiments, but so conscious are we of this that the poetry will not be absorbed by our mind, rather it remains before our eyes as a brilliant jugglery, an adroit prestidigitation. In the days when Amy Lowell was alive we once said rather the same sort of thing concerning certain of her poems. There are others, like the famous "Lilacs" and the famous "Patterns," where she speaks with convincing feeling (nor does she need to sacrifice to it the appropriate decoration of her poem). Indeed, we see certain similarities in the work of Miss Sitwell to the work of Miss Lowell. We are speaking in very general terms. Despite the staging of a glittering show there is a certain fundamental jumbling of rhythm, the more apparent in Miss Sitwell because of her profuse use of rhyme. This jumbling happened to Miss Lowell whenever she essayed rhyme. Her best work is in free verse, with rhyme a decidedly secondary consideration. But Miss Sitwell revels in rhyme—and makes scant music. It is fairer to consider her as a decorator. As such she is frequently superb. We shall, however, admit to a heresy. We prefer her "Gold Coast Customs" to yards and yards and yards of her satyrs, nymphs, fauns, Admirals, and high cockalorums of all sorts. For anger and scorn and fiery feeling are the substance of "Gold Coast Customs." The poem has the pace of that feeling. It rolls on like a juggernaut of wrath over its minor defects. Otherwise we shall reserve Miss Sitwell's book to read for the trance it evokes, because there is a great deal of it that we may never hope to understand. One may argue, of course, that poetry may be like music, that one should ask no more of it than the evocative trance.

Conrad Aiken has so argued in much of his past verse. In "John Deth and Other Poems," (Scribners) he still deals with fantasy, most notably in the strange "Changing Mind," with a symbolization that we have not been entirely successful in following. The title poem is metaphysical but is also legend in direct narrative. It is remarkably full of imagination, to our mind one of the best things Aiken has done. The time of its writing is dated at the end of the poem as 1922-24, showing the length of time the poet was at work upon it. "John Deth" occupies over seventy-five pages, a long poem in couplets, and yet is entirely smooth reading. Its incidents are vivid and dramatic. It would not be fair to give an outline of it here. It begins with the coming to town of John Deth and his two doxies. It draws to a climax with the crucifixtion of Venus Anadyomene. It furnishes one with a great deal of food for thought. We are not positive that all our speculations concerning it are correct, but it is a poem that rouses intellectual curiosity.

The series of sonnets that follows is not, in our opinion, of great moment. "The Pomecitron Tree," in its study of a woman, reminds us of what troublous creatures Aiken finds the sex; indeed they often suggest to him nightmare. He seems to say in a number of his later poems that love is merely the rack and the thumbscrew. Here, in a quietly bitter poem, "Annihilation," he concludes

These are the secret! And I could hate you,
When, as I lean for another kiss,
I see in your eyes that I do not meet you,
And that love is this.

Rock meeting rock can know love better
Than eyes that stare or lips that touch.
All that we know in love is bitter,
And it is not much.

Of the other shorter poems we fancy most "At a Concert of Music." It is itself most musical and the excellent expression of a mood. At the end of the book a long poem "Medusa," written as long ago as 1917, tells the story of a murderess on trial and recounts the preoccupations of the jurors during its progress. At the end Aiken manages his ellipses successfully. The impressionism is justified. However, the poem has far less subtlety than "Changing Mind," which is by way of being the most interesting poem in the book. "John Deth" is more in the manner of "Punch, the Immortal Liar." On the whole this volume is of the firmer fibre that Aiken's later work has assumed. There is nothing of the brief and occasional lyric brilliance of certain things in "Priapus and the Pool," but there is continuing evidence of Aiken's power as a poet.

It is appropriate to mention here that the sixth book chosen for the Poetry Clan's third year was "White April" by Lizette Woodworth Reese, published by Farrar and Rinehart. The Clan has, however, now become so small in membership that *Poetry*, Miss Harriet Monroe's magazine of verse, does not feel justified in continuing the Clan beyond this book, the last of the year. The October issue of *Poetry* celebrates the magazine's eighteenth birthday with a new cover design by Eric Gill, the eminent English engraver and sculptor. The leading contributions to the issue are three sonnets by Edna St. Vincent Millay, and very striking too. We shall quote the last, which we conceive to be the best, though one line in the first sonnet, "Love like a burning city in the breast" is positive inspiration:

Even in the moment of our earliest kiss,
When sighed the straitened bud into the flower,
Sat the dry seed of most unwelcome this;
And that I knew, though not the day and hour.
Too season-wise am I, being country-bred,
To tilt at autumn or defy the frost:
Snuffing the chill even as my fathers did,
I say with them, "What's out tonight is lost."
I only hoped, with the mild hope of all
Who watch the leaf take shape upon the tree,
A fairer summer and a later fall
Than in these parts a man is apt to see,
And sunny clusters ripened for the wine:
I tell you this across the blackened vine.

That is the genuine Heliconian strain. Indeed it is almost an amazement. So certain is its touch that it makes much ultra-modern work seem intolerably inept. There is nothing barbaric about this poem's strict statement. It is merely that every single word tells, that an intensely difficult accomplishment is made to seem a thing of spontaneous ease, almost of casual language!

Next week we shall take up, among other volumes, Katherine Garrison Chapin's "Outside of the World" published by Duffield. She is a new poet of much promise. We shall also examine some poems by "A. E."

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Books of the Fall

(*Continued from page 206*)

the biographies that promise entertaining reading for the coming months, nor had we a moment ago the slightest intention of straying off into the field of fiction. But somehow talking of the Victorians has put us in mind of that outworn phenomenon, the spinster as she appeared in the last century. (By the way, and we jump about as much as did the Miss Bates of our beloved "Emma," Ray Strachey has written and Duffield has published a volume entitled "Struggle," a history of the feminist movement in England from 1837 to the present day.) The spinster, to leave our parenthesis behind us, has returned in two delightful novels, "Miss Mole" (Harcourt, Brace), by E. H. Young, author of that far too little known and excellent book, "William," and "The Rector's Daughter" (Coward-McCann), by F. M. Mayor. If you like fiction that has a quiet charm, that is witty and sensitive and produces its effects through delicate strokes, that is kindly in intent though keen in analysis, and though satirical in method is always good-tempered, read these two novels. They are among the best that the season has produced.

Well, of course, we're always heard it said that resolutions should never be made if they are to be broken. That's the way to weaken your will power, according to William James. On the other hand, who can tell how the price of paving stone might go up in the lower world if there were no lapses from determination? So, having a moment ago decided that our mention of "Miss Mole" and "The Rector's Daughter" was merely by way of interpolation and that we should have nothing further to do with fiction for the present, we promptly proceed to introduce another novel. But then chronology absolutely demands that our thought advance from the Victorians to the Edwardians, and so we come to a book that bears the latter designation, a tale by V. Sackville-West, issued by Doubleday, Doran which has as background the magnificent English country estate, Knole, represented in Virginia Woolf's "Orlando," and celebrated by Miss Sackville-West herself in "Knole of the Sackvilles." Here is depicted a society which allows itself every freedom except that of laxness in appearances, that goes every length in its moral relationships short of taking the legal redress that would put the stamp of official sin upon its lapses, that is wealthy, and sophisticated, and cynical, but still dominated by the English ideal of *noblesse oblige* to the extent of believing that the cardinal obligation of the aristocracy is to maintain the fiction of virtue before the commonalty. The book is clever, entertaining, and interesting, though as a work of art it leaves much to be desired, for it is artificial and mannered, and it shows no true character development. In England, where it has been enormously popular, we understand that its readers are able to affix the names of real personalities to its figures. As for us we could only recognize Lord Rothschild.

And now, having wandered against our will, as it were, into the field of fiction, we shall ramble about in it a bit, writing down what comes into our mind as some of its principal points of interest without regard to any system of grouping. One of the first volumes to occur to us as worthy of mention is "The Fool in the Family" (Doubleday, Doran), the new novel in which Margaret Kennedy follows the fortunes of certain members of the Sanger family which so took the critics by storm in "The Constant Nymph." It is an interesting tale and a well-constructed one, with some delicately wrought characterization and the freedom from stereotyped incident and situation that is to be expected from its author. If it has *not* the surprising freshness and originality of the first chronicle of the Sangers that is perhaps only natural, for even unconventionality loses its unexpectedness by repetition. Miss Kennedy can write well, and her story unfolds with smoothness and swiftness. Miss Rosamond Lehmann, too, has a felicitous style which displays its suppleness ever and again in her new book, "A Note in Music" (Holt), though nowhere in it is to be found such lovely description as that which depicted the childhood environment of the heroine of "Dusty Answer." The novel is interesting, and the relationship of its hero, if hero a somewhat subordinate character can be called, to the two women who are its leading personalities is well handled, but the book is enveloped in a general grayness that leaves it somewhat pallid. By contrast with it, Rose Macaulay's "Staying with Relations" (Liveright) is a tale ablaze with color and animation, not all of which is drawn from its setting in a Guatemalan background. Miss Macaulay gets in some delightful and gay satire in her description of the rococo hacienda superimposed upon a Mayan ruin, and in the presentation of her determined and very up-to-date young people. Moreover, she slides into her story an adventure episode that makes of the whole a narrative full of variety and movement. A well-contrived plot, and incidents that in themselves have the merit of interest and the likelihood of popularity, likewise lend vivacity and picturesqueness to Booth Tarkington's "Mirthful Haven" (Doubleday, Doran). This tale of a bootlegger's daughter, playing on the coast of Maine, seems to us one of the best books Mr. Tarkington has put out in some years. It has a quiet realism that is disarming—perhaps confusing to the generation of readers which has been brought up on the strong meat of novelists who could still go to Mr. Tarkington to take lessons in social satire. It gets in its thrusts without violence, but they strike to the marrow. Mr. Tarkington remains one of the foremost critics of American life, and youth, of course, is still his concern.

Youth in revolt, or in process of adjustment to life, at various ages and in different periods, is the theme of a number of widely differing novels, of Anne Douglas Sedgwick's "Philippa" (Houghton Mifflin), an interesting tale (though its colors seem to us exaggerated) of parents at cross-purposes and a daughter completely in thrall to her devotion to her father until another love releases her to a new allegiance, of "Adam's Rest" (Liveright), by Sarah Gertrude Millin, "Years of Grace" (Houghton Mifflin), by Margaret Ayer Barnes, a story which opens in the days of the Chicago World's Fair and carries its personalities down to the present; "French Leave" (Little, Brown), by Jeannette Phillips Gibbs, an amusing yarn of marital, or rather extra-marital, relations; "This Pure Young Man," by Irving Fineman, the Longmans, Green Prize Novel; "Cecile" (Holt), by F. L. Lucas, a tale replete with the kind of brilliant conversation that seems always just beyond the powers of anyone in real life to sustain for a length of time, skilful in its portrayal of French society in the last part of the eighteenth century, with well individualized and developed characters, and a progression of events significant and effective, and of Martha Ostenso's "The Waters under the Earth" (Dodd, Mead). Miss Ostenso's book is a fine piece of work, a great advance over her recent novels, grim but saved from being depressing by its really excellent close, and containing some arresting character portrayal.

We are writing as though there were no limit to the space at our command. Thank heaven, there is, so we must progress by striding through our list with little more than mention of the titles and an occasional line of comment on a group of novels the *locale* of which is the South. In this category fall Isa Glenn's very subtle and interesting "A Short History of Julia" (Knopf), with its picture of a decaying type and its paralleling of experiences between a white girl and a black; "Gentlemen All" (Long-

(*Continued on page 228*)

THE HEIGHTS ARE LONELY

TO obtain first-hand data for his new book on *The Psychology of Achievement*, Professor WALTER B. PITKIN has conducted numerous surveys and ransacked literally thousands of case histories. One of his most interesting investigations took place immediately after the Wall Street debacle last November. He canvassed the fifteen best employment agencies in New York City which specialize in filling high executive posts. All told the same story:

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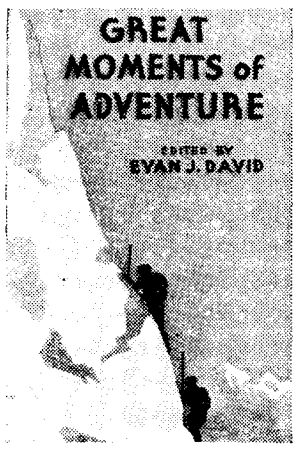

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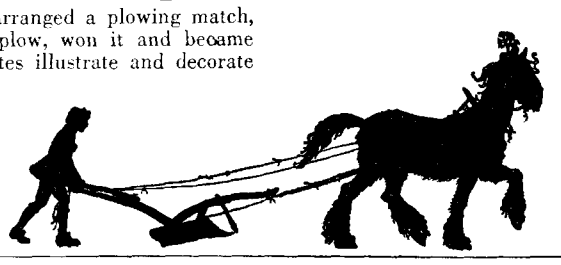

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GOOD BOOKS

A London Letter

By J. B. Priestley

THERE has lately been a most entertaining correspondence in the *Week-End Review* on the subject of novels, especially new novels. J. B. Morton, who, as "Beachcomber," is what you would call "a columnist" on the *Daily Express*, began it all, and he has expressed the view that there are far, far too many novels published, and there is too much fuss made of them, and that there is too much space given to their consideration. He has been soundly answered by Hugh Walpole, Gerald Gould (our best-known reviewer of fiction), and others, but nobody has bothered about the last point he made, that too much space is given to novels. As a matter of fact, there is not enough space given to novels. I do not say this because I am a novelist; it is a view I have always held.

The novel is far and away the most popular literary form of our time, and a very large proportion of the men and women who have achieved really wide literary fame in this age have been novelists. Those two facts cannot be disputed. Yet the novel is treated here as if it were of less literary importance than any hack writer's slapdash piece of biography or attempt at historical writing. In nearly every literary journal, the novels are herded together into a column or two, labelled "New Novels" or "Recent Fiction," whereas some such book-making nonsense as "Famous Criminals of the Nineteenth Century" or "Mistresses of the French Court," stuff of no literary or any other importance, will be given a whole column or so to itself. I have myself knocked off a non-fiction book in a few weeks that has received two or three times as much space as a novel that has demanded months and months of hard work. Many a hack writer of our time has had longer reviews that ever Conrad himself received.

Moreover, novels receive far less space than they used to do, even within my memory. I remember when I was doing the life of Meredith for the English Men of Letters series, I discovered that one of his early novels, published at a time when he was only beginning to make a reputation, was given a review in the *Times* of three columns. Three columns in the *Times!* And then Meredith thought he was never given a fair chance. Any English novelist of today, no matter what his standing might be, would feel that his brain was cracking if he saw a new novel of his given three solid columns in the *Times*. Again, I do not know what happens in New York, but in London a third-rate actress will be given far more publicity in the popular press than the best novelist in the country. Novelists are not news, whereas actors and actresses are. That is the rule of Fleet Street. I am not complaining, either for myself or for my colleagues, for I do not imagine most of us have any desire for the publicity that young actresses get. But when a journalist complains that too much fuss is made about us and our work, it is high time people learned the truth.

The autumn season has begun, and having been able to examine the publishers' lists and a great many advance copies of forthcoming books, I beg to announce that this autumn season will not be a spectacular one. Siegfried Sassoon has brought out the expected sequel to his "Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man," and he has called it "Memoirs of an Infantry Officer," for it deals throughout with his war experiences. It is, of course, a very good piece of work, more convincing as a statement than that of his brother officer, Robert Graves (they were in the same battalion), but the people who expected something as good as the "Fox-Hunting Man" must have been disappointed. It lacks the exquisite quality, the curious glamour, of the earlier book, perhaps because Sassoon felt that he had to write this war book, simply because so many people had told him that he ought to, whereas the fox-hunting book came out of some inner need of his own.

Another disappointing book is E. F. Benson's "Memoirs," which looked very promising. E. F. Benson has had great social experience; he knew many of the Victorian celebrities in his youth; and he has a pretty turn of slightly malicious observation. I do not say that none of this comes through in his book of reminiscences, but there is not enough to prevent one from finding the book, as a whole, rather obvious and tedious. And there are some anecdotes that now ought to be given a closed season of fifty years. Any author who at this late date drags in that story of Whistler saying to Wilde "Oh, you will, Oscar" (or words to that effect), should be mulcted of a few hundred pounds by the state. Indeed, I think I will suggest to our Chancellor of the Exchequer, the voracious Philip Snowden, that he claps a huge tax on stale literary anecdotes; and I shall ask his department to keep a special watch for the names of Tennyson, Jowett, Whistler, and Wilde. By the way, E. F. Benson, like all the other men who seem to us figures of the 'nineties, is careful to point out that there really weren't any 'nineties.

A book that has given me as much pleasure as anything I have read recently is "Blenden Hall," by J. G. Lockhart, one of our historians of the sea. It is the true story of a shipwreck of a hundred years ago, the *Blenden Hall* being the name of the small East Indiaman that was wrecked. All that Lockhart has done is to tidy up and speed up the original account, which was by the captain's son, a youth who was going out to India in the service of John Company. You get a description of the passengers and the life they lived aboard, then the wreck—a great thrill, and then their life as castaways on a desert island, and finally their rescue. You may learn from this how people really do behave under wildly romantic circumstances, though I must add that the *Blenden Hall* crowd were an unusually poor lot. But there is no denying the interest of the book itself.

Unless I am greatly mistaken, the best novel of this month will not be on an English work at all. It will be the translation of Vicki Baum's "Menschen im Hotel," which arrives here, a Book Society choice, as "Grand Hotel." It is a very good specimen of that German post-war literature which has been one of the surprises of this surprising age. But as you may have already seen it, I will say no more about it, beyond remarking that I hope it will not take the wind out of Arnold Bennett's sails, for Bennett is bringing out a huge novel all about an hotel. Large, elaborate, and expensive hotels have always had a fascination for him, and I have no doubt that in this novel he explores one with enormous gusto.

There is a fuss going on about Percy Wyndham Lewis's "Apes of God," a colossal and tedious tome on the sexual habits of some of his Chelsea acquaintances. I won't call it a storm in a teacup, if only because I like teacups, but you are at liberty to substitute for teacup any domestic article of china you prefer.

"I TURNED the corner from the *Times* Book Club the other day," writes the Reader's Guide of the *S. R. of L.* from London, "and wandered along one of the most respectable streets in London, one whose impeccable poise is as yet unshaken by the nearing roar of trade or the overflow of doctors' offices from Marley Street. This is Wimpole Street, long, straight, and solemn, its numbers marching up one side and down the other, its tall brown houses not without those small brown plaques with which the London County Council commemorates the birth, date, or residence of someone every child should know. Henry Hallam has one at the top of the street, half-way along you see that Elizabeth Barrett Moulton-Barrett, afterward wife of Robert Browning, lived at No. 50 between dates dismally far apart. Death lasts a long time, and most of the time she was there she lay under the weight of death. Then R. B. came rushing in and rolled it away.

There are doctors' offices now in 50, Wimpole Street—one belongs to Dr. Evelyn Hope—but I did not need to try malingering in order to get a sight of the room I wanted to see. I knew what it looked like: I had seen every detail of Ba's bed-sitting-room from two different angles, in Birmingham in August. It had been quite impossible to get to Malvern on either of the two days that Rudolf Besier's play, "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," was given there, so I made a flying trip to the Birmingham Repertory Theatre, where Sir Barry Jackson was giving his townsmen a treat with the original cast and production prior to opening in London in September. I hear that toward the end of the year it will open in New York, and now that I have been told that the heroine is to be Miss Katherine Cornell, my last faint fear for the complete success of the play in America has been removed. For I had a trifle wondered whether anyone could be found who could actually be, for the time being, the Elizabeth Barrett of history, of literature, of romance—in a word, of Rudolf Besier—as well as Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies, eyes, curls, and gentlewomanliness."

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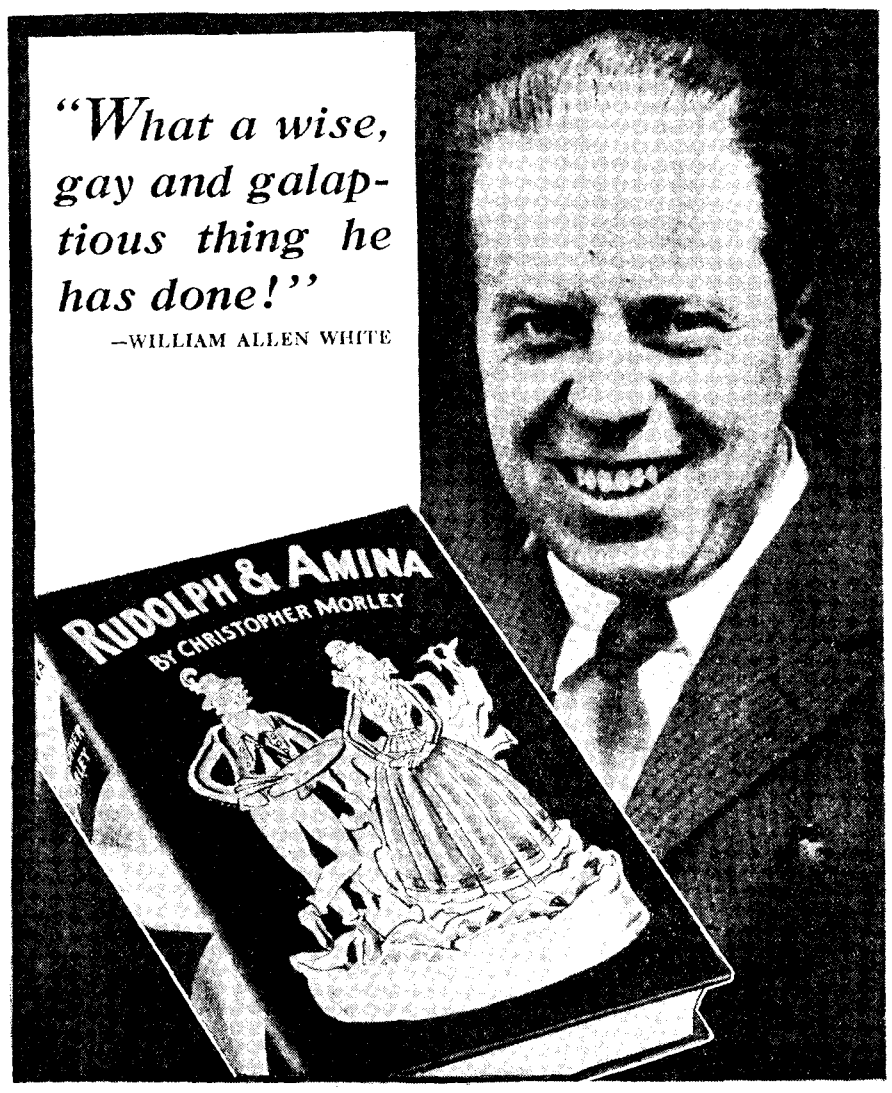

★ *". . . . all the gaudy phantasy of musical comedy in lovely, sparkling, crystalline prose, both simple and sophisticated, classical and swank.* RUDOLPH AND AMINA *has all the charm and surprise of Cinderella's coach-and-four hitting on all six."* CHRISTOPHER MORLEY'S *first book of fiction in two years is a tender and delicate story, written with the same beguiling urbanity of* WHERE THE BLUE BEGINS and THUNDER ON THE LEFT. *Price $2.00. At all bookstores.* THE JOHN DAY COMPANY, PUBLISHERS, *386 Fourth Avenue, New York.*

Points of View

A Protest

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

SIR:

In the notice of Anne W. Armstrong's "This Day and Time" in your issue of August 23rd, your reviewer was pleased to bring the charge of sentimentalism against the author of a notably sincere and brilliant novel. The word "sentimentalism" is sufficiently damning, but when the critic further characterizes certain scenes, especially the profoundly poignant one that closes the book, as being of "true Pollyanna mood," one is moved to protest.

The reviewer calls attention to Mrs. Armstrong's "sympathy and understanding for the simple folk of whom she writes and a pity for them that wraps their stark lives in pathos and dignity." She also states that "in Ivy Ingoldsby Mrs. Armstrong has depicted a figure as convincing as it is impressive." It is doubly strange, then, to find this reviewer apparently insensible to the complete and superb revelation of Ivy's fundamental character in the last scene, in her final words.

It must be assumed, in this case, that she is unacquainted with people of Ivy's class and type, or she would know that Ivy's kind never lose faith in the essential goodness of mankind, no matter how much they may suffer from evil in certain members of the human race with whom they have contact. Ivy's philosophy was crystalized in that last phrase: "Law, Enoch, people is so good, hain't they?" A philosophy, one might add, shared not only by simple, unlettered souls like herself but by the greatest philosophers of all time.

Certainly, "This Day and Time," to one who knows our Southern mountainfolk, is a perfect transcript of life. Each character is marked "sterling." But merely to reproduce the characters, actions, speech, background, of men and women in what we may call a phenomenal world fails to satisfy the reader. He demands that the author catch and translate for him something of the "secret plan," that reality which the artistic consciousness is able, in measure, to perceive. Mrs. Armstrong has thus perceived, and has presented through the "life-enhancing power" of Ivy Ingoldsby's philosophy the underlying verity of things. It is not too much to say that her novel, in the phrase of William Blake, "exists and exults in immortal thoughts."

MARY PEYTON.

Washington, D. C.

In Reply to Mr. Bell

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir:

It seems to me that Bernard Iddings Bell, who judges progressive education so severely in a recent issue of the *Review*, is not applying the perspective necessary to criticize fairly.

How can one compare modern methods with old methods, without admitting the difference in mentality between the masses that democracy now sends to higher institutions of learning and the select few who attended high schools and colleges because of natural aptitude?

Modern educators have faced a formidable task in attempting to educate, not only scholarly minds that learn in spite of inadequate methods, but all kinds and varieties of minds that function in different ways, and some minds that simply can't function at all. These educators should have the respect of every thinking man and woman, including Mr. Bell; for have not these educators been trained in the very schools whose old-fashioned methods he so earnestly prefers? If not, where are the products of the excellent training of by-gone years? Not, I hope, driven to an untimely death, or intellectual uselessness, by the wrong kind of training!

Mr. Bell, like all higher educators, puts the blame as far away from himself as possible. I quote the gentleman: "Fairly and squarely *the blame* for what is more and more wrong with American intellectuality *rests upon the schools* rather than institutions of a higher and more technical sort." Mr. Bell is "warm" in finding the solution, but only lukewarm. He is correct as to placing the most important phase of education in the elementary schools. Other educators are beginning to see the light, and some day will see the best-trained and highest-paid teachers placed and kept in the elementary schools.

But—I wonder how many of these fine-writing theorists have spent many hours during the past few years actually teaching in the elementary schools? I wonder how many of them hear the conversations of teachers? Here's an excerpt from a letter I received from a teacher of history, a young woman with the degree of Master of Science to her credit: "The longer I teach the less sense I see in teaching some children anything. The poor things can't help it, and it does neither them nor me any good." Pretty sad, isn't it? And as for myself, I have found it rather discouraging to run the entire gamut of teaching methods, in a heartbreakingly vain attempt to interest large classes of boys and girls in English grammar. Their minds simply can't grasp it.

It just isn't possible, Mr. Bell, by revolting against the men who have devoted their lives to a study of the problems of the modern educators, to solve thus the problem of supplying the universities with scholarly minds. The answer isn't so simple. "You can't go against the laws of nature." To put it bluntly, "the wrong people are having children." The wrong people, that is, if you expect all offspring to show scholastic aptitude. But to go into a discussion of eugenics is dangerous! Detour!

In closing, I'd like to tell you of a game the faculty of our school played at a dinner party. We had a little doll which represented "The Pupil." The tables represented the stages of education. The sequence, which we called "Passing the Buck," was this:

University—"Dear me! What material! These high schools really can't teach well!"

High School—"The elementary school's to blame. The way they teach there is a shame!"

Upper Grades—"Those teachers in the lower grades, I wonder why the — they're paid!"

Lower Grades—"This child, with such a low I. Q. What's a poor, hard-working teacher to do?"

Kindergarten—"It's really very plain to see what the home conditions and the mother must be."

Mother—"The brat! Her father's people are like that."

Whose viewpoint is correct?

TEACHER AND GRADUATE STUDENT.

Whitman Bennett, of the Bennett Book Studios, announces that a forged copy of "Messer Marco Polo" is now being offered for sale. The date at the bottom of the title-page has been faked. The book may be detected because in it the "f" in the last word (of) on page 10 is almost entirely absent.

Books by

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(George Russell)

"A. E." noted Irish poet and economist, is now visiting America for a lecture tour. His published works may be obtained at any bookstore.

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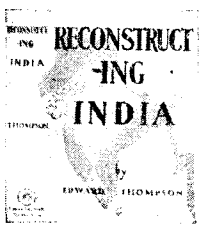
RECONSTRUCTING INDIA

By Edward Thompson



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"Mr. Thompson is fascinatingly suggestive."—*London Times.*

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Milton

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The Book-of-the-Month Club Selection for October

QUIET STREET

Michael Ossorgin

Translated by Nadia Helstein

DR. CANBY says "it draws the portrait of a girl, Tanyusha, who stands fair to take her place in the gallery of heroines with whom all the world falls in love." "'Quiet Street' is first of all a novel, possibly a great novel, certainly a very good one . . . It is the first Russian novel that makes one want to go to Moscow; to go and look for the quiet street down which the Professor walked carrying his presentation copies to sell for food."—*From the Book-of-the-Month Club News.*

"THIS is one of the tenderest and most moving stories of Russian life that I have read for a long time. One is left with a series of perfectly drawn characters and perfectly felt situations which combine into a picture at once poignant, clear and deep. This is a book which nobody should miss."—*Proteus in the New Statesman.* $2.50

WHY ROME *By Selden Peabody Delany*

In "Why Rome," Dr. Delany, who recently resigned as rector of the Episcopal Church of Saint Mary the Virgin, gives his reasons for his conversion to the Catholic faith. This book will have extraordinary appeal both to Anglo-Catholics who are hesitating as to which road to take and to the convinced Catholic who often is compelled to defend his faith. The Catholic Booklovers' Guild selection for September. $2.50

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By Emile Dermenghem

The author has here written a fascinating life of Mahomet and his times drawn from the original Arab sources. This book is all the more captivating and thrilling for being authentic. "Belongs to a distinguished place in the field of biographic history."—*Buffalo Times.* $5.00

VENUS and ADONIS

By William Shakespeare

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By Leonard Lupton

The story of a Hudson River "shanty-boat" and its owner, told with such knowledge of the country and types described, such appreciation of psychological values, and such ability for creating character, that it belongs in the category of the works of the master craftsmen. $2.00

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By Marion Patton

"Dance on the Tortoise" is one of the few sensitive and beautiful treatments in fiction and of the curiously unreal and dream-like years of youth. Her story has value for all young girls, and adults will find in it the sad loveliness of recollection.—*The New York Times.* $2.00

Some Trust in Chariots

By Fiswoode Tarleton

Author of "Bloody Ground"

"'Some Trust in Chariots' is one of the most absorbing books I've ever read. Tarleton has a perfect understanding of the hill people and their ways; and he can write. Certain to be one of the really o standing books."—W. R. Burne $2.00

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

ART PRINCIPLES IN PRACTICE. By HENRY RANKIN POORE. Putnam. 1930. $4.

This is a book for the academically minded. It is written by a member of the National Academy of Design and one of the best exponents of the principles which this institution stands for.

The book contains a vast amount of information on the principles and practice of conservative painting which the author has gathered and garnished from opinions conformant to his and from experience as a painter and teacher. Mr. Poore intends the book for the student and layman and he addresses them with parochial platitude. "Art" he says, "is 'expression'—but before expression there has been sensation, the emotion, the urge to express to which the artist must give prompt heed." In case the student should fail to grasp the meaning of "expression," Mr. Poore undertakes to explain it as follows: "Expression from the Latin *ex* and *primere*, to press out, as though under emotion, is suggestive of the artist's mode." And this is how Mr. Poore gets his students to express themselves, after they receive a sensation from a sunset.—"To 'get' the sunset, with no opportunity to negotiate its rapid changes nor with light sufficient to develop it, he must have recourse to a rapid pencil sketch, with colors and gradations noted, from which on the following day he may nail it."

A teacher who can become as pedantic as this is hardly to be trusted to keep his head when speaking of the principles of art. So it is not surprising to find in the middle of the book a reproduction of the fine painting "Village Scene" by Peter Bruegel, under which Mr. Poore inscribes: "A picture lacking all the essentials of design and most of the principles of art."

The author traces his principles of art from the works of the Egyptians, Greeks, Giotto, Rembrandt, Hokusai, Delacroix, and other sound sources and applies them with high-flown manner to the paintings of Gerome, Millet, L'Ermitte, Sargent, and others of similiar predilections and viewpoint. Mr. Poore's comparison of these two groups of painters is fair enough; it is the application of the artistic qualities of the former group to the sentimental pastiche of the latter that will make the reader question Mr. Poore's "Reason in Art."

To lay open the sources of the principles of art is to account for a great deal Mr. Poore says in his book and for a great deal more he does not say. At a time when the medium of paint is exploited in the manner and ways of its application on canvas to the extent of giving esthetic pleasure as painting itself, without too much fidelity to subject matter, it does not seem pretentious to say that we have advanced considerably in this art since the days of Gerome and the rest of Mr. Poore's affinities. Yet he makes no allusion in his book to painting as an art, or for that matter to the principles of paintings which would obviously clarify the principles of art. The author merely gives a minute account of the principles understood by academicians.

The book has its merits and if the reader does not mind paraphrasing he can make some use of material in it.

Belles Lettres

SELECTED PREJUDICES. By *H. L. Mencken.* Modern Library. 95 cents.

IMAGINATION. By *S. Parkes Cadman.* Dutton. $1.

DIPPED IN SKY. By *Frank A. Doggett.* Longmans, Green. $1.

THE MODERN ITALIAN NOVEL. By *Domenico Vittorini.* University of Pennsylvania Press. $3.

ADVENTURES IN AMERICAN LITERATURE. Edited by *H. C. Schweikert, Belle Inglis,* and *John Gehlmann.* Harcourt, Brace. $2.12.

Biography

ROUGH AND TUMBLE ON OLD CLIPPER SHIPS. By ROBERT RAMSAY. Appleton. 1930. $3.

It is difficult to reach any just appraisal of Captain Robert Ramsay's account of life in the sailing ship days as here set forth, for his style is as rough and tumble as the life and the title it pictures.

To the casual reader there will, however, be much that is thrilling in the artless, first-hand account of square-rigger days. Those who read deeper will enjoy the portrait of a hardy, hard-drinking, sometimes pious Scotsman, who fought his way up from cabin boy to second mate, and then ruined his career through drinking. His experience covers a wide range of sea-life, including diving and early days on the Great Lakes. Incidentally there is shipwreck and disaster—and just enough romance to season.

HERE'S AUDACITY. By FRANK SHAY. Macaulay. 1930. $3.

America, old enough to have legendary heroes according to Frank Shay, has apparently been the habitat of many dramatic personalities. They appear in many guises, performing feats of strength and daring do. Mr. Shay's legendary heroes are set forth in heroic size and engaged in picaresque adventures, their *locale* covering America from the North to the South, with perhaps special emphasis on the Southwest, always the home and scene of the adventurous in American history. The American habit of exaggeration and positive genius for first-class lying is the basis of the sketches. Hilarity is its essence, and the exaggerated heroics of the tales are kin to the very special sort in which Mark Twain so excelled. Not the least virtue of the book is the stout and lusty manner and style in which Mr. Shay has written it. It is a job well done.

LETTERS OF ROBERT BROWNING AND ELIZABETH BARRETT. Harpers. 2 vols.

THE MOUNTAIN WREATH. By *P. P. Nyegosh.* London: Allen & Umeris.

FOR JOAN OF ARC. Macmillan.

SKETCHES IN NINETEENTH CENTURY BIOGRAPHY. By *Keith Feiling.* Longmans, Green. $3.

ROOSEVELT. By *Lewis Einstein.* Houghton Mifflin. $3.

HERE'S AUDACITY! By *Frank Shay.* Macaulay. $3.

HORACE WALPOLE'S ENGLAND. Edited by *Alfred Bishop Mason.* Houghton Mifflin. $5.

A VICTORIAN VILLAGE. By *Lizette Woodworth Reese.* New Edition. Farrar & Rinehart. $1.

PILGRIM AND PIONEER. By *John M. Cause.* Abingdon. $2.

THE STORY OF SAN MICHELE. By *Axel Munthe.* Dutton. $3.15.

Drama

PLAYS FOR SEVEN PLAYERS. A collection of Charles Rann Kennedy's plays. University of Chicago Press. 1930. $5.

We do not know that there is any particular occasion which has brought forth this collection of plays by Mr. Kennedy. It seems to us that no occasion could be sufficient to justify its appearance. With progressive insistence the author has renounced his one authentic claim to a volume of this sort. That claim is his actor's talent for dialogue as an instrument to build character on the stage.

The publisher's "blurb" mentions Mr. Kennedy with Mr. Shaw. The comparison offers a handle to an opinion of the book. Shaw's intellect does not allow itself to be blunted or concerned by the fact that truth does not outlive its formulation. Kennedy drives himself and his audience to desperation and boredom in his pursuit to-the-death of formula. Shaw has a jolly time dodging his tumbling truths and then nimbly picking amongst the ruins for that with which to build new truths, probably only to give them the initial push down. Although Shaw obviously is behind all of his characters, even making so bold in the heat of his momentary passion as to come out from behind them, he *does* contrive to keep characters on the stage as ambush and he sometimes contrives to enliven these characters with the mineral personality of Mr. Shaw. But Kennedy becomes forgetful of pretense and openly mounts the soap box in his own person. Possibly this is the more honest procedure; however, what of the pretense which both these gentlemen make to writing plays! When Mr. Shaw comes on the stage his characters remain alive. Somewhere in the background they impatiently twiddle their thumbs. But Mr. Kennedy's evangelical wrath absorbs all the wramth and life of his characters, leaving them cold and quite dead. And, alas, Mr. Kennedy is a cold figure himself. The reformer's passion is cold and endlessly tedious, being an abstraction for everyone except the reformer.

This book, we suppose, is intended for the consumption of the little theatre. It contains six five-act plays with casts so arranged that they can be filled by the same seven actors, five men and two women. "The Winterfeast" and "The Servant in the House" are the earliest plays in the collection. Both of these were produced in New York and are probably known to most audiences. "The Winterfeast" certainly

(*Continued on page* 222)

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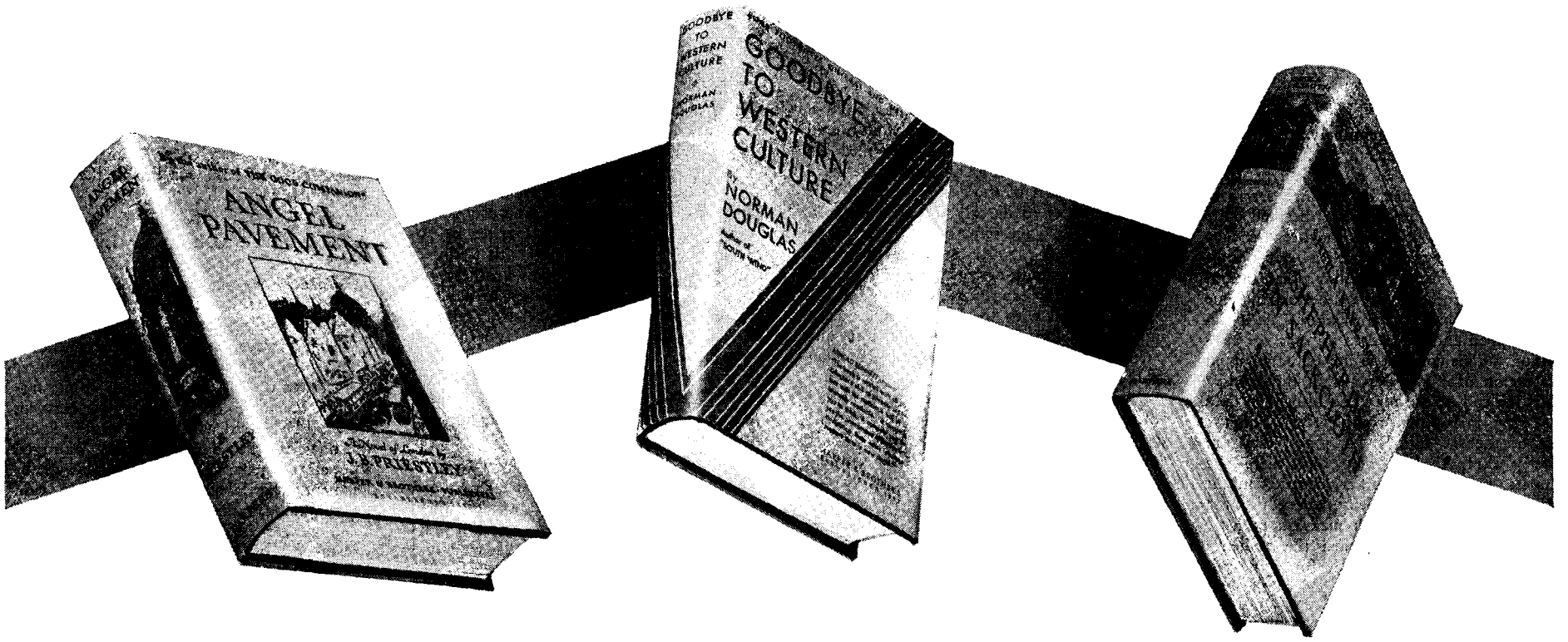

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The New Books

Drama

(*Continued from page* 220)

deal skilfully with a genuinely tragic situation, but we are unmoved by it. Through some curious stroke of poetic justice, these plays of "present meaning" which set forth a moral in "significant form" become quite meaningless and insignificant because they can establish no contact with a living audience. In the theater, one may glean bits of truth from profound human action, but one cannot illuminate generalizations with action clipped and trained to an *a priori* conclusion. This contrast is not enforced upon the action of "The Servant in the House" until the end of the play and only then does the play fall down completely. For the rest of the six full length plays, they are mostly rant, though here and there are phrases which in another context might have been poetry. Briefly, every promise and talent is killed; each makes a pathetic gesture of friendship toward the audience and then goes to its death for a moral. Two one-act plays are included at the end of the book, "The Terrible Meek" and "The Necessary Evil." Their skeletons of propaganda are rather shrewdly fleshed.

It is outrageous that such stilted stuff as this should be fed to the little theater already stilted and self-important. The theater is an amiable, human place dealing with life's joy and bitterness to the full. Don't let's choke it with the carrion of causes. Perhaps one ought not to forget that these plays were written during the years 1906 to 1919. But if it is necessary to remember that, why are they reprinted now?

THE AMERICAN SCENE. Edited by *Barrett H. Clark* and *Kenyon Nicholson*. Appleton. $5.

DRAMA AND LITURGY. By *Oscar Cargill*. Columbia University Press. $2.50.

Education

LEARN OR PERISH. By DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER. Liveright. 1930. $1.

Mrs. Fisher's genial appeal resembles a sermon only in that it is largely addressed to those not present. It is a wise plea for intellectual stimulation, especially the need of it on the part of those who respond least enthusiastically to its call and need it most, the teachers. Take some mental exercise or grow flabby, is the advice which, incorporated in a program, assumed the unfortunate name of adult education, unfortunate because confused with the provisions (equally important) for making up for lost opportunities for schooling in youth. As soon as the futility is realized of crowding into youthful years and often resistant heads the entire repertory of information and interests to nourish a mind for life, so-called "adult education" will be recognized as the distinctive educational need of a progressive democracy.

Stimulating mature minds is the formula for redemption for millions of worth-while citizens. The familiar instance of the girl who declined the gift of a book because she already had one, is not wholly a libel on the present situation. What is your mental diet? is a wholesome question at all stages and ages.

THE TEACHER IN THE NEW SCHOLAR. By *Martha Peck Porter*. World Book Co. $2.

TARBELL'S TEACHER'S GUIDE. By *Martha Tarbell*. Revell. $1.90.

PROBLEMS IN PUBLIC SCHOOL ADMINISTRATION. By *Oscar F. Weber*. Century. $3.50.

SECONDARY EDUCATION IN GERMANY, FRANCE, ENGLAND, AND DENMARK. By *Stephen P. Cabot*. Harvard University Press.

THE EDUCATION OF CHILDREN. By *Alfred Adler*. Greenberg. 1930. $3.50.

ADOLESCENCE. Studies in Mental Hygiene. By *Frankwood E. Williams*. Farrar & Rinehart. $2.50.

Fiction

APRIL FOOLS. By COMPTON MACKENZIE. Doubleday, Doran. 1930. $1.

It is a relief to find that so sprightly a writer as Mr. Mackenzie has persuaded himself to forget his wartime adventures in the secret service and return to fiction. In "April Fools" he has written a story that is always amusing and often riotously funny. John Touchwood, successful writer of romantic plays, being plagued with a collection of more or less worthless brothers and sisters and in-laws, invites them to a birthday dinner, marries his secretary, and sails for America on a honeymoon. At the dinner a letter is read from the absent host informing his relatives that he has deeded to them his country estate, one-fifth to each brother or sister and their families, together with sufficient money for the upkeep of the place.

So there they are, the whole lot of them, settled down at Ambles, most of them cordially disliking the others, and each plotting to get the rest out of the way and enter into possession of their shares. The humorous possibilities of the situation are obvious, and Mr. Mackenzie has a thoroughly good time dealing with them. The reader has just as good a time following this unusual experiment in joint housekeeping and its unexpected dénoûement.

LADY OF DELIGHT. By G. M. ATTENBOROUGH. Stokes. 1930. $2.50.

An ultra-modern English heroine living her emotionally wracked life in rural England is the leading character of the second of the Attenborough novels to reach this country. The dialogue is bright. The heroine's short married life with a young husband who is momentarily lured away by a modern siren and is killed almost immediately afterwards is pathetically pictured. Later her son is almost snared into marriage with the same siren but is happily rescued in time to marry the right girl, and the heroine is thus saved a second unhappiness at the hands of the same mocker at virtue. All is not sweetness and light in this tragedy, but there are charming comic glimpses of pre-war, war, and post-war life in the villages of county England.

A CORPORAL ONCE. By LEONARD H. NASON. Doubleday, Doran. 1930. $1.

The unhappy and bewildered Regular involved in that hastily organized, half-disciplined, vastly courageous, quite devoted, jostling, irreverent, hard-fighting horde known as the American Expeditionary Force, was one of the supremely comic figures of the war. Some day, please Heaven, we shall be blessed with a full-length picture of one of the horror-stricken, outraged colonels or generals of the Regular establishment who labored and roared in vain to command, administer, or even understand a war-time unit, accustomed all his life to neat little peacetime or jungle-fighting organizations. Said one of these, fuming, to his Staff who had pulled him out of or through a dozen mistakes without his knowing it: "Gentleman, I—I actually think you're trying to thwart me!"

And such a sketch of our disoriented and often discouraged Regulars in France must, however, trail the hilarious account Leonard Nason gives of Private (almost Corporal) Johnell Sullivan, striker to a cavalry major who treasured an Arab stallion as his private mount, very much engaged at the Mexican Border raid by *Villistas* on the army post at Columbus, and subsequently transferred to a National Guard outfit of "militia Johns" and scenes of warfare on the western front—in the Baccarat Sector, Lorraine, and near Chateau Thierry. "It's all wrong!" groans Johnell, even as he takes his place on the firing line.

Here is good, broad farce written on the principle that everything funny in life takes place below the belt; here are incidents, pungent allusions, bits of racy idiom over which any American soldier in a reminiscent mood will laugh his head off. Here, too, are scenes of combat, less successful than the humorous pages, because written pretty closely after what appears to have become a stereotyped pattern for American battle-pictures. But even in recording Private Sullivan's somewhat standardized exploits of arms, one forgives the author much, because of the gorgeous extravaganza he was inspired to build round one of our highly organized, British-model trench raids, for his ability to get a lot of fun even out of army hospital methods, for his quick and astonishingly life-like character drawings. Two or three years ago, in "Chevrons," Mr. Nason unfolded for our enjoyment (and instruction) a portfolio of wartime sketches of which the prevailing tone was somewhat somber. But "A Corporal Once" is a riot of the brightest colors imaginable slapped against a background of muddy, tattered olive-drab.

ST. PETER AND THE PROFILE. By JOHN NORTH. Duffield. 1930. $2.

Mr. North's story is almost as odd as its title. It rather defies classification because, at different turns, is takes so many different ways. It opens as if it were going to be another of those English novels about a young girl who earns her own living and lives under narrowly circumscribed conditions. Then with the introduction of a Henry James character it seems about to become a minute character study of an old artist. With the old man's death the current turns toward mystery, but within the mystery there runs the complex love story of a young journalist and the girl whose car is responsible for setting the story in motion.

That's the way it is and it is very well written. It is not a tremendously important book and never set out to be, but it is an interesting one and one that will repay a reader who likes to know the thoughts and opinions of an author as well as his story. The novel is in no hurry to get anywhere, and if the reader is not and enjoys conversation and observations along the way the two can make a very pleasant journey together with "St. Peter and the Profile."

THE BLACKTHORN WINTER. By PHILIPPA POWYS. Smith. 1930. $2.

There must have been other English families who love the English countryside as deeply as the Powyses, but they have not been writers. Llewellyn Powys writes of rivers and plains and hills as another might write of a beloved: holding his "Thirteen

(*Continued on page* 224)

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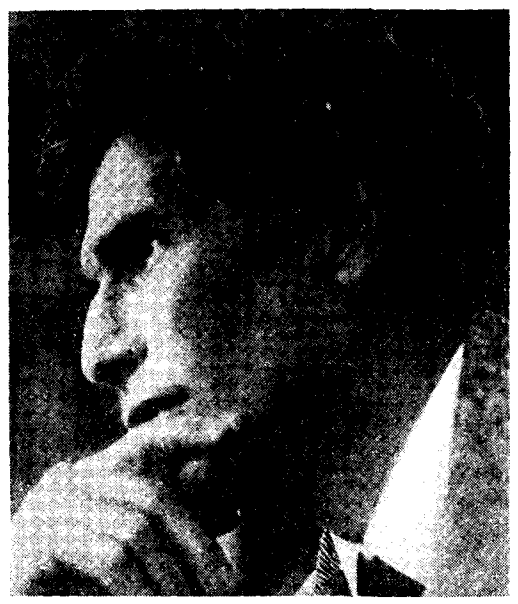

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The New Books
Fiction

(*Continued from page 222*)

Worthies" in one's hand one holds English earth. John Cowper Powys sees behind the lovely surface of his Dorsetshire dark powers and forces not of good which draw him to it equally with its beauty. Theodore Powys, too, finds nature hard pressed by evil, but he is in revolt against it, loving in spite of, not because.

Now comes Philippa Powys with her first novel and her added note, more simple and direct, of homage to sun and rain, to thicket and to highway. The country and the seasons of this "Blackthorne Winter" are characters in the tale and are intermingled in cause and effect as are the men and women. Nature and human nature are close kin here, one almost as sentient as the other, and one almost as inexpressive as the other.

It is a simple story simply told. It might have been written, and how few novels are today of which this could be said, ten years ago, or twenty years ago, or fifty. It is told as stories have been told since the beginning without recourse to any fictional device. It is the story that must interest or nothing at all: there are no tricks to whip up the concern of jaded readers. And the emotions and passions are those that have moved man since he was man. Without implying any comparison between the work of Miss Powys and that of Thomas Hardy and Emily Brontë, which would be as ridiculous as ill-advised upon present evidence, one may say that few readers will follow the fortunes of the driven ones of "The Blackthorn Winter" without being reminded of Tess of the D'Urbervilles and her country, of Wuthering Heights and its people.

THE SHUTTER OF SNOW. By EMILY HOLMES COLEMAN. Viking. 1930. $2.50.

This is a strange story of a short madness. Mrs. Coleman was confined in the Rochester State Hospital for two months suffering from toxic exhaustive psychosis following the birth of her first child. Three years later, long completely recovered in health, she wrote out the record of her dark sojourn among the hallucinated and the obsessed.

In using the third person for telling her story, Mrs. Coleman cut it somewhat adrift from the close sense of reality, which is so necessary for a book of this type. A few years ago Jane Hillyer wrote of a somewhat similar experience ("Reluctantly Told") in the first person, and by this method the tragic actuality of the book was forced upon the reader from every page. Although no one will doubt that the facts of "The Shutter of Snow" are as true as remembered facts can be, the effect of the fictional form is to lessen the faith, if not the belief, in their objective existence.

The crisp wit which delighted Mrs. Coleman's examiners even when she was psychopathic saves her book from being too utterly depressing. The story of daily life in a ward for the insane is not likely to be merry reading, nor does Mrs. Coleman desire it to be; her intent has an obvious depth beyond that, but there are abysses into which it is hardly fair to lead a reader under the guise of the novel. "The Shutter of Snow" avoids these without being false to its essential tragedy.

SIREN SONG. By ROBERT CARSE. Farrar & Rinehart. 1930. $1.

In the war, Ensign Barney Lowe, a big, handsome fellow, late Yale freshman, won the Navy Cross and promotion to a lieutenantcy for a submarine sinking exploit of extraordinary valor. He continued to follow the sea in peace time, successively as mate, master of an Atlantic liner, then staff captain, and (before he was thirty!) commodore of the fleet, luck, personal magnetism, ambition, and ability transporting him swiftly to the topmost peak of his profession. Seven different women adored him, in the course of his triumphant ascent to fame, and the last of these, a spiteful society girl, scandalously humiliated him, laid the popular idol in the dust, and blasted his maritime career forever. Then, broken and lonely, Barney went back to the sweetheart he had loved in his obscurity before the war. There is some first-rate marine descriptive writing in the book, and certain incidents are handled with considerable dramatic skill. But that Barney should hold the rank of a marine commodore at twenty-nine causes one to regard with scepticism, even incredulity, the possibility of his existence.

THE BARON'S FANCY. By GLEB BOTKIN. Doubleday, Doran. 1930. $1.

It's a fix, which to tell, the story of Gleb Botkin or the story of "The Baron's Fancy." They are almost equally fantastic, but since one can read about the Baron in the novel, perhaps a word about the author will be most news here.

He is the son of Dr. Eugene Botkin, who was for many years the personal physician of the Czar Nicolas II., and who was put to death with the royal family at Ekaterinburg. Gleb Botkin escaped to Japan with his sister and after adventures and escapes that should furnish material for several adventure novels, he arrived at last in New York. After completing his first book, "The God Who Didn't Laugh," he was sent by the North American Newspaper Alliance to Europe to investigate the case of the Grand Duchess Anastasia. Unconvinced that the Duchess could have escaped death when the rest of the family was executed, Botkin nevertheless set out on his mission and was influential in having Anastasia brought to America under the protection of the Princess Xenia, Mrs. William B. Leeds. What he thinks of the Duchess's claims by now is not stated, but it is hinted, so canny is publicity, that certain personages and incidents of this adventure have made their way but slightly disguised into "The Baron's Fancy."

The novel is great fun. It is designed to amuse, and it does. If you have been taking your Russians a little heavily, if you are tired of the Russian Menace and the Russian Invasion and the Russian Whatnot, do read "The Baron's Fancy" and learn that Russian life isn't all real and earnest.

THE EARTH TOLD ME. By THAMES WILLIAMSON. Simon & Schuster. 1930. $1.

In his new book, Mr. Wiliamson has drawn upon his extraordinarily varied experience for a story of life among the Innuit. His book shows a knowledge of their life which could only come from observation, and an understanding of their ways of thought that shows a high degree of creative sympathy. For the Eskimos he shows are, by their extreme simplicity, not easy for us to understand. They still think of women chiefly as useful animals; and the pleasures of marriage are all very well, but not so delightful as the pleasures of eating and sleeping. In that frozen wilderness, desire is rather a comfortable glow than the consuming fire it becomes in warmer countries. But the whites have come, bringing tobacco and gunpowder, and bringing also new ideas. From them Akpek, a young apprentice, learns that he should not sit in the hut with men and women, all naked together; and from Akpek's new self-consciousness his master Taliak becomes conscious for the first time of the beauty of his own wife's body. From that time on he has no peace; he begins to suffer from a feeling that he cannot comprehend, which we know as jealousy. Yet even when his emotions grow more complicated, they retain their primitive quality, a vastness and slowness; they are not unworthy to be compared with the simple, irresistible motives in Conrad's "Falk."

Mr. Williamson has contrived remarkably to present his simple and yet subtle drama with almost no explanation, letting the thoughts of his characters speak for themselves. In a perfectly matter-of-fact way he relates dreams as realities, as the Innuit conceive them to be; or describes the transmigration of souls:

> Old Mother's grandfather turned into a walrus and lived in the sea, and one time the people of the village were out in a boat and saw him, and as soon as he saw them he swam up and jumped in, out of the walrus and into the boat the same as he was before he died, and the walrus was so angry at losing him that he swamped the boat and drowned everybody in it, including Old Mother's grandfather.

By a host of such passages he lets the reader into the minds of his characters, in a way that carries a sure conviction. "The Earth Told Me" gives perfectly the feel of a distant place and a strange people, one of the finest services a book can perform.

BLOWING CLEAR. By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN. Appleton. 1930. $2.50.

The latest in the long list of books with which Joseph C. Lincoln has forged himself a reputation, is like its predecessors, about Cape Cod folks. John Heath, the protagonist of the story, is the mystery man of Nauticook, his native village, to which he has returned after years spent elsewhere. What happened during that absence no one but himself knew despite every effort to find out. But Heath fended off curiosity with a stubbornness that made him noted for taciturnity in a community where taciturnity is the rule rather than the exception.

He was called queer, but went his way regardless of his neighbors whose opinions were, to him, "All nothin'." And then one day he appeared with a boy in tow—a boy who called him "uncle," although he had never had brother or sister, and the mystery deepened. The remainder of the story concerns itself with how love of two sorts blew away the fog that had cloaked John

(*Continued on page 226*)

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—Roy Temple House, in *N. Y. Herald Tribune*

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—H. I. Brock, in *New York Times*

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—Allen W. Porterfield, in the *Outlook*

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—Barret H. Clark, in *N. Y. Evening Post*

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from page 224*)

Heath's real self until his spiritual weather was truly "Blowing Clear."

The satisfaction one finds in Mr. Lincoln's books, outside of his frequently exhibited ability to draw character, as he has with minor delinquencies, in John Heath, is the pleasure one finds in any competent craftsmanship. The story is well put together. The joiner work scarcely shows. Although the literary approach is a realistic one, and the literary attitude romantic, these incompatibles manage compatibility. It doesn't really matter that the intellectual content could be reduced to a platitude, or that the moral involved is somewhat shopworn. Mr. Lincoln never leads his reader to expect too much—and he never disappoints him. Competent workmanship and a readable tale are not to be despised.

ADAM'S REST. By SARAH GERTRUDE MILLIN. Liveright. 1930. $2.50.

Adam's Rest was a village in the Cape Colony, on the Transvaal River; but one suspects that Mrs. Millin gives the name an allegorical extension, and that her story of South African villagers is meant as an apologue of the life people ordinarily lead on this globe where Adam, and his descendants, find rest only in the grave. As a transcript of life it is done with most admirable skill—perhaps too admirable, for life as it is lived is mostly dull, and Mrs. Millin has not mitigated its dulness in her choice of material, though her writing is always good to read.

Miriam Lincoln was the daughter of a druggist at Adam's Rest; she was full of the cravings for romance, of the desire to be somebody, that most of us have felt; but she also had a feeling of responsibility as her sister Janet had not. Janet married a soldier during the South African War; he stayed with her family, went into diamond mining because there was not much work about it, and remained an amiable windy good-for-nothing for the rest of his life. Miriam, with no taste for such a marriage yet lacking the energy to get out of the village and see what was outside, unexpectedly married the most prosperous and best-educated man of the neighborhood. The rest of her life was a balance between her yearning for romance and importance and her feeling of responsibility and propriety, with responsibility winning more or less by default. Miriam sometimes wanted at least a chance to resist temptation, but nobody would tempt her. "It was," she thought, "an insignificant tale, planned by an anonymous author." It takes a bold novelist to put into the mouth of one of her characters such a description of the essence of her novel, and Mrs. Millin does not altogether escape her own condemnation.

Relief is provided, fortunately, by Mrs. Millin's favorite theme of miscegenation. This is not only the story of the Lincoln sisters and their variously unsatisfactory marriages, but of the Crofts family, who had a touch of black blood but "kept themselves white" and tried, by work and marriage, to lift themselves up till they were altogether in the white group. They failed, chiefly because there was too much human nature in them and in the neighbors; but you cannot help feeling sympathy for the gallant endeavor. The book conveys the general impression that there is not much in anything, which may be true enough but lacks both novelty and entertainment value. Mrs. Millin's skill and thorough knowledge of her scene and people enable her to make more of the story than most writers could; but it could be wished that she had used her talent on a more engaging theme than the monotonous life of a placidly married woman.

THE OPENERS OF THE GATE. Stories of the Occult. By L. ADAMS BECK (E. Barrington). Cosmopolitan. 1930. $2.50.

All the evidence of these ten adventures in the psychic indicates that L. Adams Beck is passionately sincere in her desire to evangelize us, to show us how infinitely much there is beyond our commonly perceived reality. Her belief is not that of the ordinary spiritualist: that is, the general line of thought taken by, say, Doyle, Lodge, and exploited by commercial mediums. Indeed, a character in "Waste Manor," one of the stories in this volume, says: "I have nothing to do with all that. It sounds horrible to me. My world is quite different." Thus, L. Adams Beck is occupied with such aspects of mysticism as reincarnation, direct communion with the dead, possession by evil, and visions of the ultimate essence. Her approach to these mysteries is on bended knees, and there is always the sharp distinction between the fortunate few who can comprehend and the stupid herd that cannot.

Perhaps this distinction between the sheep and the goats as L. Adams Beck sees it can be shown by the following quotations, chosen largely at random:

> She died the next day. Died: what a word for the supreme reality! But so, I suppose, it must be stated until we acquire the new language with the new wisdom.

> There are much stranger psychic interweavings in this story than appear on the surface, and thoughts which I do not dare to suggest save to those who walk in the Way of Power. For them they lie open and beautiful and need no more words of mine.

> . . . when man lays aside his reason and uses his consciousness, he will see the high Intelligences at work about him and rejoice. . . . We should find another word for it than "sight" . . . If only a few hear and seek, it is the beginning of the true order of supermen. The dawn of mystic philosophy—age-old as it is—is only now broadening into day.

This attitude is of course flattering to the initiated, but it is not always agreeable to the self-esteem of the skeptic. A touch less of certainty, even though the doubt was disingenuous, would in all probability have made the volume more persuasive, and hence more effective propaganda. But when were the bearers of a new faith ever less than cocksure?

The stories are not entertaining, except in odd stretches here and there, because thesis always outrides plot. Indeed, in "Hell" and "The Man Who Saw" there is no plot at all, merely incident. To some extent, this lack is made right by the frequent excellence of the place descriptions and by the cosmopolitan, well bred, Henry Jamesian air of many of the characters. In general, the volume is an obviously sincere statement of faith and record of experience, dressed rather shabbily and inappositely in the garb of fiction.

War

PRISONER OF WAR. By EDWIN ERICH DWINGER. Knopf. 1930. $2.50.

That cess-pits of human degradation such as those described by Mr. Dwinger could under any circumstances exist, is a sad commentary on the high estate of "civilized" human beings.

His simply told story is of a seventeen-year-old Ensign of cavalry during the 1915 German campaign in Kurland. Wounded in a brush with Siberian Cossacks, he, with various comrades, all of subordinate ranks, are carried away, prisoners of the Russian army. A carnival of depravity is the portion of the reader from this point onward. At the hospital, where neglect of "enemy" prisoner wounded is the accepted fashion, gangrene and tetanus thrive.

The prison camp to which the group is later transported is a model instrument of slow torture. Here the erosion of confinement begins. Personal uncleanliness, lack of water and sanitary arrangements, speed the process of physical and mental decay. Crowded into reeking hovels where even the dead are not properly disposed of, these victims of international cynicism are at last the victims of spotted typhus which carries away 17,000 of their number.

Again transported, the author and those of his group who survive arrive at a barren camp in Siberia. Now the tide of masturbation and pedicatio reaches its peak, and the final corruption of these unfortunates is accomplished. Even "Pod," strongest of them all, succumbs to tuberculosis and broken hopes. A refinement of physical characteristics exists in the officers' section to which the Ensign is transferred. Confined in this place are some men of strong intellectual convictions and disciplined reactions. But here also the horrible process of corruption is busily at work, and the tide threatens to engulf this youth, whose ideal of glory in war was symbolized in the return of a German officer's sabre by his Russian captor. The surging sea of revolution flows to and fro over the camp, while its victims lie helpless within their flimsy shelters. After three years surpassing in horror the maddest imaginings, this man escapes and we cannot but wonder what happened to him then.

The story is told in simple prose, which produces in the reader a belief in the truth of the narrative and sympathy for the men who, in these "festering pustules" called prison camps, fought as well as their understanding would permit the insidious forces arrayed against them—and succumbed.

One regrets the doleful chant of the young Ensign that "he may never know a woman," Mr. Dwinger's penchant for deathbed wailing, and the recurring question and answer method of story telling.

LITTLE BROTHER GOES SOLDIERING. By *R. H. Kiernan*. Smith. $1.50.

RUSSIAN LOCAL GOVERNMENT DURING THE WAR AND THE UNION OF THE ZEMSTOVS. By *Tikhon J. Polner*. Yale University Press. $3.25.

(*Continued on page 232*)

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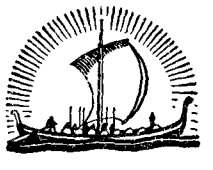

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Books of the Fall

(*Continued from page 214*)

mans, Green), by William Fitzgerald, Jr.; "Po' Buckra" (Macmillan), by Gertrude Mathews Shelby and Samuel Gaillard Stoney, a tale of the South Carolina country, which, like Miss Glenn's book, keeps both blacks and whites in the spotlight; "By Reason of Strength" (Minton, Balch), by Gerald W. Johnston, a writer who has won favor as a biographer and is now venturing into the field of fiction; "The Tides of Malvern" (Morrow), in which Francis Griswold, taking a South Carolina plantation as background, depicts an evolution toward a new world of customs, ideas, and industrial conditions; "Strike" (Liveright), by Mary Heaton Vorse, a fictionized delineation of the Gastonia tragedy the interest of which lies in the main in its value as a sociological study; "This Day and Time" (Knopf), by Anne Armstrong, a tale of the Tennessee mountaineers which measures up well, even though not reaching its level, with Elizabeth Madox Roberts's "The Time of Man," and "A River Goes with Heaven" (Little, Brown), by Howell Vines, a pæan of love for the country round Birmingham, Alabama. Well, and that's that.

And now, having so rapidly despatched the South, we shall attempt to dispose of the world outside of America in as summary fashion. (No, we didn't intend a play on the word, though we do intend to sum up the titles of the novels translated from foreign tongues, and let them go without more ado.) Here, first, is a group of tales having to do with Russia: "Brusski: The Soil Redeemed" (International), a Soviet novel, by F. Panverov; "Women and Monks" (Harcourt, Brace), by Joseph Kallinikov, a panorama of Russian life from 1905-1917; Ivan Lukash's "The Flames of Moscow" (Macmillan), a portrayal of the Russia that was at the time of the Napoleonic invasion; "Kostia the Cossack" (Duffield), by General Krassnoff, which goes back for its depiction to a still earlier period, the seventeenth century, and Michael Ossorgin's "Quiet Street" (Dial), a tale of Revolutionary Russia that has something of a Dickens flavor. Next is a Rumanian story, "Forest of the Hanged" (Duffield), by Liviu Rebreneau, an author highly regarded in his own country and powerful, to judge by this book; then Holland is represented by Jo Van Ammers-Kuller's "Jenny Heysten's Career" (Dutton), and "Tales from the Argentine" (Farrar & Rinehart) appear, edited by Waldo Frank. Simon & Schuster are issuing "A Night in Kurdistan," by Jean-Richard Bloch, whose "—And Company" won much encomium from the critics last year, and Brewer & Warren is bringing out a Hungarian novel, "The Song of the Wheatfields," by Ferenc Mora. What is said to be a great Chinese novel of the Ming dynasty, "Golden Lotus," has been translated by Clement Egerton, and is to be issued by Charles and Albert Boni. Then there are Selma Lagerlöf's new book, "Anna Svärd" (Doubleday, Doran); "The Son Avenger" (Knopf), the last volume in Sigrid Undset's distinguished tetralogy; Knut Hamsun's "Vagabonds" (Coward-McCann), a book which, we understand, Norway considers one of the novelist's greatest, and which even in the not too happy translation in which we read part of it seems to us a powerful and impressive work, and Leonhard Frank's "Clamoring Self" (Putnams).

So much for the fiction translations. There's a batch of biographies, to veer away for the moment from novels, that ought to interest the reader who has a liking for the manners and history of foreign nations. One of the spiciest is W. N. Chattin Carlton's life of "Pauline, Favorite Sister of Napoleon" (Harpers). Here's a book that's certainly entertaining reading whatever it may be as history. We notice that its author states that his interpretation of the seductive lady who cut so wide a swathe in the society of her time, whose most passionate preoccupation was her brother, the Emperor, and whose own exsitence held drama in plenty, is far more generous to her character than was that of her contemporaries. While we're on the subject of ladies (we wonder whether Victorian England would have termed Pauline a lady), we might as well mention Catharine Young's chronicle of "A Lady Who Loved Herself" (Knopf), Madame Roland, of whom Madeleine Clemenceau Jacquemaire, daughter of the Tiger, has also written a life (Longmans, Green); the biography by Jehanne d'Orlice, of "The Moon Mistress: Diane de Poitiers" (Lippincott), and William Thomas Walsh's study of "Isabella of Spain" (McBride). We haven't read it, but we suspect from its title that Ibanez's "The Borgias, or At the Feet of Venus" (Dutton), concerns itself largely with the fair sex.

Ladies before gentlemen. We gave them primacy of place, and now on to the men. There are two volumes on Alfred Dreyfus, one a biography by his nephew, Jacques Keyser, entitled "The Dreyfus Affair" (Covici-Friede), the other D. Kerkhoff's "Traitor! Traitor!" (Greenberg). Just think of it! After all these years, and the complete exoneration of the martyrized Dreyfus, perfectly good men, so an eminent Frenchman informed us the other day, still come to hate each other over the rights and wrongs of this *cause célèbre* of the last century. There's no accounting for mankind. Any more than Wolsey, whose life Hilaire Belloc has just written (Lippincott), thought there was reliance on kings. Speaking of kings reminds us that Henry Dwight Sedgwick has just published a life of Henry of Navarre (Bobbs-Merrill) and that George Slocombe has written another (Cosmopolitan), that there's a life of "Nero, the Singing Emperor of Rome" (Putnam), by Arthur Weigall, one of "Cæsar, the Man" (Richard R. Smith), by Mirko Jelusick, a biography of Emperor Francis Joseph I (Stratford), by his *valet-de-chambre*, Eugen Ketterl (here's a chance to see how much truth there is in the old adage), and a study of William II, entitled "Kaiser and Chancellor" (Macmillan), by Karl Friedrich Nowak. Finally there's a chronicle, by Fernand Grenard, of "Baber, the First of the Moguls" (McBride), and a fascinating record of a leader more powerful than any prince in India today, Mahatma Gandhi (Macmillan). This last, which is Gandhi's own story, edited by his great friend and companion, C. F. Andrews, is one of the most interesting books we have seen this season, and should be read by all who would have an understanding of the unrest in India today.

Speaking of Gandhi reminds us of another leader who rallied an immense following to her standard, Mary Baker Eddy. When Mr. Dakin's life of her appeared last year it was understood that there was another, by Fleta Campbell Springer, ready for the press. Coward-McCann held it up at the time, wisely judging it better to allow an interval between the publication of the two studies. It has now been issued, as has also a life of Mrs. Eddy by Lyman P. Powell (Macmillan). The latter has a special interest attaching to it as its author is a convert to Christian Science.

The reader with a particular interest in matters of religion can choose in addition to these books from among the new publications such studies as John Donald Wade's "John Wesley" (Coward-McCann), Emile Dermengham's "The Life of Mahomet" (Dial), M. C. d'Arcy's "Thomas Aquinas" (Little, Brown); Henry B. Parkes's "Jonathan Edwards, the Fiery Puritan" (Minton, Balch), and Katherine Anne Porter's "The Devil and Cotton Mather" (Liveright).

It's perfectly absurd how one thing puts us in mind of another having practically no bearing upon the first. Just because we've been writing of religious leaders we suddenly remember that there's a novel, by Virginia Hersch, which takes for its heroine St. Teresa de Avila,—it's called "Woman under Glass" and is issued by Harpers—and that reminds us in turn of the very moving and effective portrayal of the Children's Crusade which furnishes the incident for Daphne Muir's "Pied Piper" (Holt). And then, simply because they are historical novels, and not at all any longer because they have concern with religion, we recall the publication of Phoebe Fenwick Gaye's "The Good Sir John" (Liveright), and Maud Hart Lovelace's tale of the Second Empire, "Petticoat Lane" (Day).

What an omission! We've been writing all this time and as yet have failed to mention one of the outstanding novels of the year, a book that enhances the admirable impression created by the lusty romance that won its author so many plaudits last year. Mr. J. B. Priestley's "Angel Pavement" (Harpers), a work even more ample than "The Good Companions" and having like that high-spirited tale much of the Dickensian method and manner, is a less rollicking performance than the earlier book but one no less striking in characterization and composition. A portrayal of a segment of London life, it has met with great popular acclaim in England where it is one of the best-sellers, if not the best-seller, of the day. Another novel that is meeting with much favor there, and that will be enjoyed here by those who admire a suave and finished style, clever portraiture, and enter-

(*Continued on page 230*)

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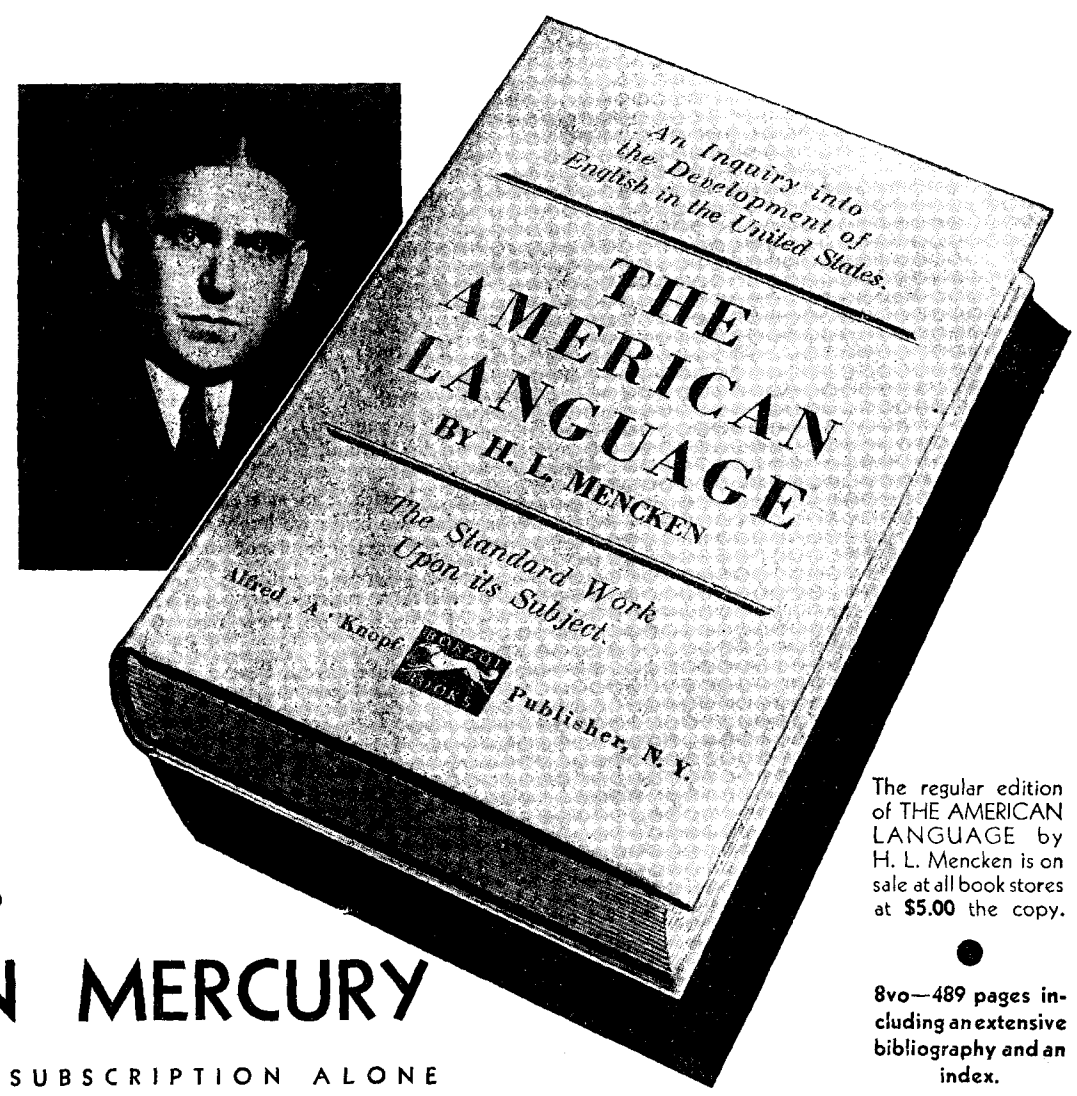
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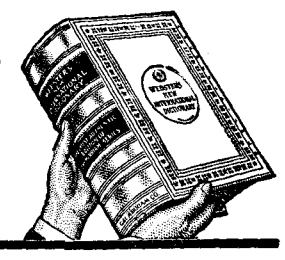

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Books of the Fall

(*Continued from page 228*)

taining dialogue, and who find an added zest in the existence behind fictitious names of real personalities, is Somerset Maugham's "Cakes and Ale, or The Skeleton in the Cupboard" (Doubleday, Doran). Two other English novels that will repay the reading are G. B. Stern's "Mosaic" (Knopf), a study in the manner of "The Matriarch," and Sheila Kaye-Smith's "Shepherds in Sackcloth" (Harpers). But again we loiter instead of covering the ground rapidly. Well, just to prove that we can pass along swiftly we'll reel off a list of names with never a stop for comment. Here, then, are more new novels: "Many Captives" (Lippincott), by John Owen; "The Earl King" (Macaulay), by Edwin Granberry; "The Fifth Son of the Shoemaker" (McBride), by Donald Corley; "The Golden Roof" (Morrow), by Margaret Fuller; "The Young and Secret" (Minton, Balch), by Alice Grant Rosnan; "The Street of the Islands" (Scribners), by Stark Young; "The Adversary in Tomika" (Sears), by G. V. Hamilton; "Red Snow" (Simon & Schuster), by F. Wright Moxley; "The Earth Told Me" (Simon & Schuster), by Thames Williamson; "The Blackthorn Winter" (Richard R. Smith), by Philippa Powys, the latest of the Powys family to enter the field of literature; "Long Bondage" (Stokes), by Donald Joseph; "Black Soil" (Stratford), a Catholic prize novel; "Seed on the Wind" (Vanguard), by Rex Stout, and "Green Isle" (Dodd, Mead), by Alice Duer Miller.

We draw a breath, and start in again. But even before we begin we know that we shall fall by the wayside, and stop for comment. At any rate, we'll begin briefly by calling out, like a railroad announcer, a succession of names. You know what we mean—New York, Philadelphia, Washington, and points South. Well, then—"Three Generations" (Brewer & Warren), by Elinor Mordaunt; "Together Again" (Cape-Smith), by Grace Helen Carlisle; "Joyous Betrayal" (Day), by Charles Pelton; "River Man" (Dial), by Leonard Lupton. They're off our list. Next. "Relentless" (Appleton), by Myrtle Johnson—and we pause to remark that this dour tale of a man's migration to the Siberian wilds and his return to civilization proves its youthful author's first novel, "Hanging Johnny," to have been more than a flash in the pan; "Archibald" (Brewer & Warren), by Frederick Markham, a pitiless portrayal of a man whose god was advertising; "Rudolph and Amina" (Day), Christopher Morley's fermentation into a novel of the story of "The Black Crook"; W. R. Bennett's "Saint Johnson" (Dial); "The Bitter Tea of General Yen" (Bobbs-Merrill), by Grace Zaring Stone; Stella Benson's charming Chinese story, "The Faraway Bride" (Harpers), and a spoof on the publishing and editorial world called "Best Seller" (Bobbs-Merrill), by N. O. Youmans, whose real name is an open secret and who introduces into his narrative without any disguise large numbers of persons familiar to all in the writing world.

'Tis too much. At this point of our enumeration we find we have not yet mentioned some of the books that by reason of authorship should have sprung to mind among the first. There's Galsworthy's "On Forsyte 'Change" (Scribners), for instance; Louis Bromfield's "Twenty-Four Hours" (Stokes); Arnold Bennett's "Imperial Palace" (Doubleday, Doran), a group of volumes of short stories which includes Leonard Merrick's "The Little Dog Laughed" (Dutton); "Certain People" (Appleton), by Edith Wharton; "Morals for Moderns" (Bobbs-Merrill), by Elmer Davis; Walter de la Mare's "The Orgy" (Knopf), and "The Longer Day" (Bobbs-Merrill), by the author of "Miss Tiverton Goes Out." Good wine needs no bush; so these volumes no comment.

Lorna Rhea, whose "Six Mrs. Greens" was so arresting a book, has followed it with another striking novel, "Rachel Moon" (Harpers); Caradoc Evans, whose reputation is high in England, in "Nothing to Pay" (Norton) has furnished a powerful if unflattering portrayal of the Welsh; J. C. Grant in "Back-to-Backs" (Cape-Smith) presents a terrible but effective picture of existence in an English mining town, and Nat Ferber, in "Spawn" (Farrar & Rinehart), shows up the unloveliness of metropolitan life.

And now, at long last, we come to the final category of our fiction list—the mystery story. Here is a table of entrants: "The Strangler Fig" (Crime Club), by John Stephen Strange; "Charlie Chan Carries On" (Bobbs-Merrill), by Earl Derr Biggers; "The Octangle" (Cape-Smith), by Emanie Sachs; "Dr. Priestley Investigates" (Dodd, Mead), by John Rhode; "M, a Detective Novel" (Holt), by Leonard Falkner; "The Mystery of the Folded Paper" (Harpers), by Hulbert Footner; "The Garston Murder Case" (Harpers), by H. C. Bailey; "The Murder at the Vicarage" (Dodd, Mead), by Agatha Christie; "Mary Roberts Rinehart's Mystery Book" (Farrar & Rinehart), a gathering of several of her tales; "The John Riddell Murder Case" (Scribners), by John Riddell (whom the initiate know as Corey Ford), a parody on the Van Dine method; "The Murderer Returns" (Richard R. Smith), by Edward T. Torgenson, and "The Backstage Mystery" (Appleton), by Octavus Roy Cohen.

Horror of horrors! We have exhausted our space and our time but not our list. We'll conclude it in the next issue of the *Saturday Review*. And, oh, before we close. A number of the books we have mentioned are not yet published. Don't blame your bookseller if he tells you he hasn't a volume you ask for in stock; probably it's still on the press. Tell him to keep an eye out for it for you, and "when found, make a note on."

The New Books

(*Continued from page 226*)

Murder Will Out

By WILLIAM C. WEBER

HAWAIIAN scenery, a temperamental motion picture director who is found dead on the ancient "sacrificial rock," a golden-haired ingenue who also meets her fate, a famous author who swiped his plots from old books, a newspaper man who, on the trail of a big story, develops considerable detective ability, and an amateur detective who turns out to be something very different—there you have the ingredients of "Murder at Red Pass" by The Aresbys (Ives Washburn: $2). A good time-passer, not entirely free from implausibility.

Dr. Priestley and Dr. Thorndyke—they *will* get confused in this poor crime-ridden bean. Certainly they are the most eminent medical dabblers in crime now extant, and as Dr. Thorndyke's latest exploit, previously considered, is one of his best, so is Dr. Priestley's new problem, "Dr. Priestley Investigates," by John Rhode (Dodd, Mead: $2), a most ingenious affair. A bibulous young man is picked up by the police for "driving to the public danger" as the British neatly put it. In the rumble seat—call it "dickey" if you're English—is a very dead corpse which the muddled motorist insists started on its journey as a plaster cast of "The Slave-Trader" en route to the seaside studio of the sculptor. When the corpse is identified as the eccentric Mr. Coningsworth who lived in one wing of an old manor house, took pot shots at visitors, and had a secret treasure caché in a steamer aground in the bay, the excitement begins. One may object to the fact that the criminal is so seldom in view during the story, but his absence in no way retards the action and Dr. Priestley's ratiocinations are a joy to follow.

There is a diabolically clever and fiendish murderer in "The Thing in the Night," by Katherine Vinden (Crime Club: $1), and he is difficult to spot. How he killed the beautiful but dissolute Helene Baird and Richard Rondel, and how a lone-wolf detective threaded a maze of clues that led through the depths of the underworld to a gruesome conclusion is capitally told. "The Garston Murder Case," by H. C. Bailey (Crime Club: $1), is one of those English yarns about an unpleasant family in a sinister old mansion. There is even a secret passage. Like all Mr. Bailey's stories, it is smoothly told, and the reader is pleased to find that the real mystery solver is a Pecksniffian little criminal lawyer who is no better than he should be.

J. S. Fletcher's new book, "The South Foreland Murder" (Knopf: $2), is along well-beaten, but interesting paths. The custodian of a princess's jewels is murdered, and the murdered man's mistress—wife of a stolid London tradesman—disappears. Everybody appears to have a satisfactory alibi, and the police are rather up a tree, but the deceived husband, who forgives his errant wife and dedicates his life to the discovery of the man who he believes killed both the woman and her lover, at last solves the mystery—or through his crazed efforts to find the criminal puts the detective on the right track. It is good Fletcher, with an extremely grim ending—and a jacket that has nothing to do with the story.

"The Strange Case of Gunner Rawley" (Dodd, Mead: $2) is a grand war story and an engrossing mystery. Rawley, an English artilleryman, kills his superior officer in a brawl. He deserts and throws in his lot with a motley gang of masterless men who lead a lawless existence in the abandoned dugouts behind the front lines in Flanders. In the last big German "push" Rawley and his cockney companion, regardless of their civilian rags, lend a hand in stemming the German wave, are captured, and by the rules of warfare are led out to be shot. In fairness one may go no further. Here is excitement no end, and a phase of the war that, to this reviewer's knowledge, has never before been touched. After all the "experience" books and latrine literature it is good to see a story which uses the war—with no glossing over its horrors—as a blazing background for a superbly told adventure yarn.

(*Continued on page 232*)

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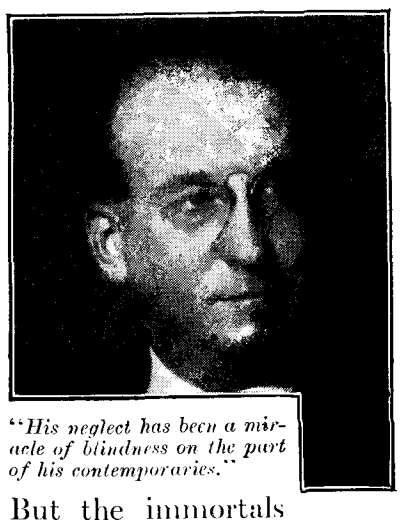

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

N. T., Spirit Lake, Iowa, asks for books on the fur-trade and London and New York markets, especially in regard to mink, beaver, and silver fox pelts.

BESIDES information to be found in the following books, that provided by the Economic Department of a large public library—the one at 42nd Street, New York, is especially efficient—will be desirable in this case. The most comprehensive work on the subject is "Furs and Furriery," by Cyril Rosenberg (Pitman, $8), for manufacturers, designers, workers, and students; it is fully illustrated and includes the making-up of fur garments. "Fur Truths," by Abraham Gottlieb (Harper), is a recent publication by an experienced manufacturer; it describes fur preparation, imitations, care of furs, and marketing, with a dictionary of skins. "The Fur Trade of America," by Agnes C. Laut (Macmillan), is a general survey of the subject from the buyer's point of view; a fine book for a public library frequented by people who wear fur coats; there are many pictures and accounts of all the animals. "Furs and the Fur Trade," by J. C. Sachs (Pitman), is one of a series of little books on common commodities and industries published by this house, brief, informing, and non-technical surveys of many ways of making a living.

There are several books on fur-raising, of which two large ones are especially useful. "Fur-Farming for Profit," by F. G. Ashbrook (Macmillan), is a practical manual giving detailed directions for raising all sorts of animals, but with a long and careful account of fox-farming. It includes marketing. "Raising Fur-Bearing Animals," by Hardison Patton (Ritter), gives details of care, feeding, and breeding of foxes, musk-rats, opossums, otters, beavers, minks, martens, skunks, and ermine, with directions for skinning and curing pelts and for the building of pens.

There have been several histories of exploration in the light of the fur trade that though not in the line of this inquirer's interest may be set down here to keep the record. "Frontiers and the Fur Trade," by Sidney Greenbie (Day), is a picturesque and romantic account of the exploration of the American frontier by hunters for mink, beaver, otter, sable, wildcat, muskrat, bear, and seal. "Fur-Trade and Early Western Exploration," by Clarence A. Vandiver (Clark), tells stories of individuals from Champlain to Kit Carson and something about the great companies. "When Fur Was King," by H. J. Moberly and W. B. Cameron (Dutton), is the autobiography of a pioneer fur-trader, describing life in and after the latter days of the Hudson Bay Company's monopoly.

Anyone who prefers fur alive and on the hoof will be interested in the account of a pet skunk in "The Stir of Nature," a recent book on out-of-doors, written for young people by William H. Carr, Director of the Bear Mountain Museum and an official of the American Museum of Natural History, and lately published by the Oxford University Press. This excellent field-companion goes round the year and by means of a key to wild life in all parts of the country can be used in any section of the United States. When I was very young I made friends with a family of five of these resplendent creatures, one moonlight night in a clearing of the wood lot, on a search for a lost cow, and I have never since been able to wear portions of them with any comfort.

B. M. L., Oshkosh, Wis., asks for books to be read in part or complete, by a club of women interested in history, biography, memoirs, or almost anything interesting except, for this club's purposes, fiction. If the book is long, their custom is to make several meetings from it, while in shorter books readings are interspersed with condensed versions of the parts omitted to make a single program.

"THE Great Crusade and After," by Preston W. Slosson, is certainly long enough to take several sessions, and so crowded with information as richly to reward them: I would put this on the list and keep it at hand during the course for reference from time to time. It is a history of the United States since 1914, in its political, economic, and social aspects, and with due importance assigned—as might be expected from the son of the late Dr. E. E. Slosson—to scientific progress and achievements. The style is popular without cheapness, and its ease of manner adds to the natural disposition of the reader to follow, in such a record, the course of the history of which he has been himself a part.

Memoirs being always good material for such uses as this, "As We Were," by E. F. Benson, just published in London and no doubt scheduled for American appearance in the near future, will be a delight to all who taste it. The Benson family has before this proved its charm as a subject for reminiscent literature: this time the memories of the author of "Dodo"—with apologies to him for choosing this book among all the others to his credit—include not only his own immediate circle, but also the larger circumference of the notabilities, grandees, and even royalties with whom his life has brought him into some relation. The portrait of Victoria is beyond question convincing in those qualities of mind and spirit that mean more than physical attributes; there are any number of amusing and unaccountably new stories about well-known people—how on earth are these kept out of print for so long, these good stories that come out in autobiographical books?—and with all this, a general idea of the Victorian period that scarcely any other volume of memories can match.

For a book about the Victorians, not of personal memories, get "Those Earnest Victorians," by Esmé Wingfield-Stratford. Here is as much information about them as you can get from any treatise and a spirit far more conciliating than you will often find. For the Victorians get their due here, and if sometimes it is a just meed of censure, often it is one of praise long-overdue. The method is not biographical, the material is arranged under subject-heads often demurely provocative.

For our own beginnings, always a matter of interest to anyone who asks himself whither we may be bound, we have two admirable new books, "Builders of the Bay Colony," by Samuel Eliot Morison and "The Background of American Culture," by Thomas Cuming Hall. These should be in public libraries generally, and no doubt soon will be in them all. I have been taking some of my summer season of what answers to leisure for the long-postponed pleasure of reading every word of Vernon L. Parrington's "Main Currents in American Thought" of which two volumes appeared before his death; I read it through rapidly and promised myself sometime the luxury of a slow reading; this has been so rewarding that I put it in, even though it is not, as these books are supposed to be, of this season's issue.

For biography, I would take Owen Wister's "Roosevelt"; I never could see what was the matter with the first edition, but whatever it might have been it has been toned down in the second, and a buoyant, even bouncing, record of a celebrated friendship is now open to the world. Also I would take "The Adams Family," by James Truslow Adams, and I would read it every word without condensing, for it is all good to be read. However, a well-considered review by someone who has given herself the pleasure of every page would make a fair basis for the addition of selected readings.

If you are one of the hundred and fifty favored and foresighted souls who subscribed to the limited edition of the complete works of Bernard Shaw, use the autobiography that is given away as part of this peerless set, and not elsewhere so far to be found, for one of the best days on the program. It will be an expensive pleasure, the set costing thirty guineas originally and heaven knows how much by the time it is all published (the first six or seven volumes are now ready) and the dealers have resold them. I have never been more impressed with the essential seriousness of Bernard Shaw than as it is revealed in this autobiographical sketch, together with the reasons—racial, economic, hereditary, social—why he does have on occasion a savage seriousness. It did not appear the other night when he made his appearance on the screen of the British Movietone and spun out so charming a speech that I remained to hear it a second time on the same program and returned the next night to hear this and this alone. Here he actually turned about with the greatest carefulness and precision of movement, to give the audience a chance to see his profile, of which he reminded us he had two: the fascination of

(*Continued on next page*)

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The Reader's Guide

(*Continued from preceding page*)

seeing one turn into the other with an interregnum consisting of a view of the back-of-the-head, perfectly straight up and down, was well worth this extra effort. Whatever it may be that lurks at the back of the head, G. B. S. is noted for not having it: the wonder is where he even keeps his cerebellum.

It may be surmised by the proprietory fashion in which I refer to the limited edition that I am one of those who possess it. This is indeed the case; the Guide does sometimes buy books, incredible as that would sound to the postman who brings in all the review copies.

K. R. M., Hanover, Germany, asks if there is a professional school for interpreters in Europe.

INQUIRY at two embassies indicates that while there are schools in plenty for learning languages *en masse*, the Berlitz being the most celebrated, there is no regular center for training interpreters for government service. If anyone knows of one, information will be well received on behalf of this inquirer, an old friend and helper of this department now resident abroad.

Professor S. Griswold Morley, of the Department of Spanish of Berkeley University, California, sends me this welcome information:

Your all-embracing knowledge never ceases to amaze me, and your recent catalogue of Don Juan literature increases the wonder. One would think it was your specialty, instead of being merely one subject out of hundreds on which you document your readers. Two titles occur to me which might well have been added: Harry Kemp's brilliant rendering of the original "Burlador de Sevilla," under the caption "The Love-Rogue, a Poetic Drama in Three Acts, transmuted from the Spanish" (1923); and the "Don Juan" (1925) of James Elroy Flecker, author of the genial "Hassan."

I wish heartily you could recall where you found the idea with which your little essay opens, namely, that Tirso de Molina wrote "El Burlador" to counteract some possible bad impression left by an (earlier) drama about the contrasting fates of two Spaniards, a saint and a sinner. This work (some think that Tirso had small hand in it) is entitled "El Condenado por Desconfiado," and it was first printed in 1635. The first extant edition of "El Burlador" is, as you said, of 1630. These casual dates are far from proving that the Don Juan play was written or performed first; in fact, we know nothing of their dates of composition. The particular relation between the two which you set forth was, so far as I know, first conceived by Gendarme de Bévotte and printed in "La Légende de Don Juan" (1906), and, so far as I know, no erudite critic after him has accepted the idea or even mentioned it. It might be correct for all that. To me the notion seems highly ingenious, but not very plausible.

The idea in question broke loose from its basis a good while ago, when one of those amusing impulses that seize one now and then sent me following Don Juan around the world. As I was reading almost as much French as English at this time, it is quite possible I found the notion at its source above-noted, anyway, it is joyful to have it placed for me on such authority.

No, I'm not a specialist on the Burlador, nor on anything at all, but I do have an undying interest in folklore and that distant relation of it that keeps a vigorous human type appearing and reappearing in one country after another and under many literary disguises. What could be more fascinating than thus following Faust—unless it were Helen? The Wandering Jew is another chap with many aliases and costumes. Mary Magdalen and Judas never cease to interest students of human possibilities, and Joan of Arc—whose life is certainly documented so clearly one might think there was no room for conjecture—is almost as different under the hand of different authors as if she were an embodied legend. So you see why readers who send in questions like this are likely to get lists ahead of time! I have had a head-start in making them.

J. B. Priestley's "The Good Companions" has now been printed in Braille type. It fills thirteen volumes.

Murder Will Out

(*Continued from page 230*)

noble, but not altogether attractive, Englishmen and women who gathered for dinner at Eastblyth Manor House. Even the narrator of the story—it is in the first person—is killed before the tale ends and Inspector Jupp, who ferrets out the mystery of the mass murder, completes the story. Mr. Jepson's slogan seems to be "A Corpse in Every Chapter," which will please many readers. However, if one is to believe the jacket blurb, that the tale like other Harper Sealed Mysteries, "was selected from thousands submitted to our editors," it is hard to imagine how bad the rejected thousands must have been.

This reader finds tremendous delight in such a tale as Edgar Wallace spins in "The Fourth Plague" (Crime Club: $1). It is no better or worse than a multitude of other Wallace opera, but it contains one of those criminal investigators who sees all, knows all, is in four different places at once, never makes a bobble, and who doesn't hesitate to call out the army and navy to encompass the destruction of the criminals who would devastate England with a disease germ of terrible virulence. Something deadly happens on almost every page, but virtue and the law are always and ultimately triumphant.

Although it takes a while to get started (by one who likes his murders in the first chapter), "The Pavillon by the Lake," by Arthur T. Rees (Dodd, Mead: $2), is in what may be termed the best tradition of English mystery stories. A wealthy shipping magnate with a wayward son and a wife around whom mystery hovers, is found dead near a reputedly haunted pavilion on his estate. Before he met his death he had been attracted to the unused structure by a light in the window and there found a dead man grasping a valuable miniature of Mary Queen of Scots which the shipping man had that evening presented to his wife. When the reader once again visits the pavilion—this time with the local police and Scotland Yard—the first corpse is gone. How it vanished, what the erring son and his troubled mother were doing in the grounds of Lake House the night James Altamount was shot in the back, and how the unquiet past shattered the happiness of a well-ordered household is told in the quiet, unhurried, precise manner that distinguishes all Mr. Rees's stories. The detectives are amiable fellows, working in a businesslike way to a conclusion that is surprising but satisfactory.

For a short, realistic account of the way gangsters and racketeers work there is nothing better than "All in the Racket," by William E. Weeks (*Boni Paper Books*: 50 cents). Here is plain, straightforward writing, a detailed knowledge of the curious workings of the underworld mind, utterly hard-boiled and entirely convincing. One might call it the story of a "frame up." At least, the case against Paul Sella, dapper young stick-up man, is fixed from the moment he is arrested. The law looks upon him as a bad man and if he isn't guilty of murder he should be, and there's an end to it. The whole tale, admittedly based on facts, is a sad commentary on American justice. But there is nothing of the tract about it—it's a fast moving, thrilling yarn of a racketeer caught in the implacable grip of the law.

"The Jury of Death," by Robert Collyer Washburn (Crime Club: $1), is so terrible that it is amusing. Set in 1950 in the city of "Cayuga," the leading characters bear a striking resemblance to notable criminals and politicians of present-day Chicago. Here one reads of the "jury" that wiped out gang rule in "Cayuga" by fighting it with its own weapons. There are single, quadruple, and mass killings with the gangs on the run in the end. One bright spot is the series of news "flashes" describing a raid on a hospital where a wounded gangster is confined. Otherwise the tale is trash.

"Tiny Carteret," by H. C. McNeille (Crime Club: $1), is billed as "a greater adventurer than Bulldog Drummond." Maybe so, but the story by and large is far below the Drummond standard. Carteret goes on the trail of the criminal who is decimating Scotland Yard with a deadly poison. His search leads him to a mythical Balkan kingdom, whose queen is mixed up in the proceedings. But interest lagged for this reader when a Russian with a monkey on his shoulder hove in view. Monkey business. . . .

Frederic F. Van de Water's "Alibi" (Crime Club: $1), is a consistently interesting yarn of murder in water-soaked New Hampshire woods. Peter Mortimer, wealthy Bostonian, is found dead half a mile from the wrecked airplane in which he started for Boston. It looks like a crash at first but soon develops into double murder. Then a local constable, who with Yankee canniness hits the right trail, is summarily dispatched. Suspicion falls on a crotchety hermit who keeps a pet porcupine and who couldn't possibly be the killer. He turns out to be a better sleuth than the detectives themselves and finally leads the murderer to his deserved end—all to the mournful drip of rain, soaked trees, and the roar of mountain streams. There is real "atmosphere" and plenty of action in this exceptionally good yarn.

The severest critic of mystery yarns will find it hard to pick a flaw in "The Secret of the Bungalow," by Robert T. Casey (Bobbs-Merrill: $2). It is another Jim Sands case, and that very human detective is shown at his best. Sands doubts from the start that the body found in the fire-swept ruins of a bungalow in a shady—morally—Chicago suburb is that of Cletus Howard, the "super racketeer." But somebody was murdered, and Sands by some brilliant work discovers the murderer after three hundred pages packed with excitement—and what is rarer in a detective story, some real humor. Clever guessers will spot the criminal early in the tale, but Mr. Casey is so adept in drawing herrings across the murderer's trail that the exciting dénoûement comes as a real surprise. Here is a yarn that the mystery addict must not miss.

Roger Scarlett's "The Back Bay Murders" (Crime Club: $1) is another American detective story that meets all the requirements. The two murders occur in a Boston boarding house inhabited by a curious, but not unusual, group of "paying guests." First the neurotic young Prendergast is killed and then, with all her "guests" at home, the mistress of the establishment meets a sudden and terrible end. Early in the story it is quite clear that one of the boarders is leading an extremely double life and is undoubtedly the murderer, but which Dr. Jekyel is the villainous Mr. Hyde will puzzle the reader right down to the last chapter. The reader also knows an odd fact about pure bred Persian cats when he finishes the book.

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Two Addresses

A REMEDY FOR DISAPPEARING GAME FISHES. By HERBERT CLARK HOOVER. New York: Huntington Press. 1930.

IF there is anything which sickens a democrat, it is the adulation which doth hedge a king. Mr. French Strothers in the introduction which he has written to this book rends the language asunder to do obeisance before the image he has created of Mr. Hoover. Luckily there are but four pages of that rot, and the rest is left to the President. One of the addresses gives its title to the book: it was delivered on his second inauguration as President of the Izaak Walton League, the other, an address at Madison Courthouse, Virginia, was a talk to neighbors at the time of the building of the camp on the Rapidan. They are readable, straightforward addresses, the first one of real interest to all fishermen.

The book has been printed by the Harbor Press in a large size of Granjon type, with initial letters in green. The pages are well placed and easy to read. The woodcuts by Harry Cimino are fairly good—the one on the colophon has excellent feeling for the subject. The binding, in one of Douglas Cockerel's marbeled papers, is quite handsome. R.

AUCTION SALES CALENDAR

Ritter-Hopson Galleries (Griffith Building, 605 Broad Street, Newark). October 14: First Editions—a selected collection principally of American Authors. This sale commences with Miss Alcott's "Flower Fables," Boston, 1855, and "Little Women," Boston, 1868-69. These are followed by: a group of Thomas Bailey Aldrich Stories; four of Mr. Rex Beach's red-blooded novels; Mrs. Burnett's "Little Lord Fauntleroy," N. Y., 1886; Donn Byrne's "Stories without Women," N. Y., 1915; James Branch Cabell's "Jurgen," N. Y., 1919; Winston Churchill's "Richard Carvel," N. Y., 1899; Mark Twain's "Huckleberry Finn," 1885, "Roughin It," Hartford, 1872, "Pudd'nhead Wilson," Hartford, 1894; several Richard Harding Davis items; Edward Eggleston's "Hoosier School-Master," N. Y., 1871; Paul L. Ford's "Janice Meredith," N. Y., 1899; Harold Frederic's "Damnation of Theron Ware," Chicago, 1896; John Habberton's "Helen's Babies," Boston, 1876; a collection of O. Henry's stories; William Dean Howells's "Rise of Silas Lapham," Boston, 1885; Helen Jackson's "Ramona," Boston, 1884; Mary Johnston's "To Have and to Hold," Boston, 1900; the largest group of Jack London that has probably ever appeared at auction; "Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to his Son," Boston, 1902; Eugene O'Neill's "Thirst and Other One Act Plays," Boston, 1914; a collection of Booth Tarkington's novels; General Wallace's "Ben Hur," N. Y., 1880; Mrs. Wharton's "The Age of Innocence," 1920; and Owen Wister's "The Virginian," the New York and London first editions.

American Art Association Anderson Galleries. October 20: American and Foreign Autographs, historical and literary, from the collections of C. J. Murray-West, the late Samuel Kalisch, John W. Haarer, Norman Howard, and others. Among these are: two autograph signatures of Thomas Lynch, Jr., on the fly-leaf and the title-page of a copy of the works of Josephus (from the library of the Duke of Portman); a letter from Francis Lewis to Stephen Sayre, describing the events of the Revolution up to the capture of Stony Point by Anthony Wayne; a letter from George Washington to General Greene, expressing the writer's great friendship for the general; apparently the first 1776 letter by Samuel Huntington to be sold at auction; a war letter from "Stonewall" Jackson to General Johnston; several Lincoln items; and musical manuscripts by Mozart and Beethoven. A portion of the sale consists of autographs sold for the benefit of the Theosophical University, Point Loma, California.

American Art Association Anderson Galleries. October 21: The libraries of the late Samuel Kalisch of Newark, N. J., Dr. Ross Thalheimer of Baltimore, selections from the library of Dr. Frederick A. Woods of Brookline, Massachusetts, and duplicates from the art and book-reference library of the American Art Anderson Galleries.

Auction Sales Calendar

Charles F. Heartman, Metuchen, N. J. October 4: Americana, consisting of selections from the collection of a native of Vermont, together with a few Western books. These include: "Elegiac Poem on the Death of Mr. Benjamin Rush," Philadelphia, 1813; "The Evidence and Import of Christ's Resurrection Versified," Providence, R. I., 1797; Zubly, John J., "The Law of Liberty," London, 1775; the first American printing of Gray's "Elegy," Boston, 1772; Chauncey, Isaac, "Neonomianism Unmask'd," London, 1692; "Sundry Statements, by the Secretary of the Treasury" (Alexander Hamilton), 1793; a few Indian Captivities; Jefferson, Thomas, "Notes on the State of Virginia," Philadelphia, 1788; "Letter Addressed to the Legislator . . . . Recommending a Uniform Continental Currency," N. Y., 1795; Rutherford, Samuel, "A Survey of the Spiritual Anti-Christ," London, 1648; and several items dealing with Vermont.

American Art Association Anderson Galleries. October 13, 14, 15: The library of the late John Nolty, of Brooklyn, N. Y. The library includes Americana, autograph manuscripts, first editions, extra-illustrated books, colored plate and illustrated books; a map powder horn of the French and Indian War period, and a collection of door-knockers. Mr. Nolty was for many years President of the Evening Post Job Printing Office. Among the more important items are: A copy of "Cato Major," printed and sold by Benjamin Franklin, Philadelphia, 1744, the first issue of the first published translation of any classic in America; George Heriot's "Travels through the Canadas," with an original watercolor drawing by the author; a first American edition, in the original binding, of Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield"; a complete set of Valentine's "Manuals," New York, 1841-1906; the manuscript of Bryant's "Discourse on Washington Irving," 56 pages, signed, an address delivered before the Historical Society of New York; the manuscript of Bryant's address at the unveiling of the Shakespeare statue in Central Park; and the engraved powder horn which shows a map of the Hudson River, Lake George, Lake Champlain, and views of Albany and New York. G. M. T.

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JOHN COWPER POWYS, *author of* IN DEFENCE OF SENSUALITY

When JOHN COWPER POWYS, author of *Wolf Solent*, sent *The Inner Sanctum* the manuscript of his new book, *In Defence of Sensuality*, he added a personal note to the publishers:

> *Never in my life have I put down in black and white my most secret thoughts "upon man and nature and on human life" more boldly and shamelessly than in this book. It would be impossible to find a philosophy more ingratiating to the mental fashions of the hour than this of mine.*

In a characteristic foreword, MR. POWYS explains the rather unusual employment of the word "Sensuality" in the title:

"It would be hard to bring a gentle, vague word, like the word 'sensuousness' down to the dank, stark, stoically-stripped Life-Sensation which is the subject of this book. How far has the individual the right to be what is called 'selfish'? How far has he the right to concentrate on his own solitary awareness of existence and make this alone his life-purpose? . . . Such are the questions the author attempts to answer; and he finds that in his discussion of the root-sensations of life the word 'Sensuality,' taken in an unusually comprehensive sense, serves his purpose better than any other word."

In Defence of Sensuality is not a systematic exposition of a formal metaphysic. It is the outpouring of the author's inmost credo—a way of life, a confession, an "invocation to hard-won happiness," set down in a fervor of impassioned self-revelation.

"*The purpose, therefore, of this book is to make war upon certain gregarious elements in our modern life, and upon certain gregariously human traditions among us, such as seem to me to be slowly assassinating all calm ecstatic happiness, the only kind of happiness that really is worthy of organisms with the long history and large hopes of ours. . . .*

"It is only by this feeling of loneliness that we can annihilate the preposterous claims of a life of action, and return to the calm reservoirs of earth, air, water and fire, from which, as our soul contemplates them, emerge those lovely essences, the constant enjoyment of which constitutes the only indestructible ecstasy of life."

There are persons to whom a work of such intimate candor must of necessity be indecipherable or indefensible —perhaps both. These high matters cannot be argued or proved by the plainest speech. You cannot "convince" anyone to appreciate uninhibited searchings of the soul like *The Journal of* AMIEL, *The Confessions of* JEAN-JACQUES ROUSSEAU, or the self-disclosures of TOLSTOI. So is it with a novel like *Wolf Solent*, and now with its philosophical extension, this *apologia* written with prophetic splendor and almost furious frankness, *In Defence of Sensuality*.

The Inner Sanctum recalls an apostrophic tribute by WILL DURANT to an earlier work of JOHN COWPER POWYS, *The Meaning of Culture:*

"*At first, a medley of amazing phrases and epithets, meaning nothing to the dull; then an unfurled cloth of gold, sparkling and shimmering with beauty, and blinding the mind to the body of meaning whose gorgeous raiment it is, then the mirror of a complex vision unintelligible and unutterable; then, piece by piece and tone by tone, the oriental mosaic and music of a philosophy as profound as* SPINOZA'S *and as kindly as* CHRIST'S."

—ESSANDESS.

WE wonder whether *General Charles G. Dawes* is to become a republican candidate for mayor of Chicago in the spring of 1931? He is not a citizen of Chicago, but of Evanston, the first suburban town to the north of Chicago, where he has lived since 1894. Evanston is not a part of the Chicago municipal corporation. According to Illinois statutes the mayor must be a qualified elector of the city he is to govern and live within the city limits. If General Dawes took himself out of Evanston and into Chicago for thirty days before becoming a candidate he would be all right. But his friends don't think he'll budge. If you want to know more about this obstinate gentleman in order to realize why, you ought to be able to find it in "That Man Dawes," by *Paul R. Leach*, which Reilly and Lee, Chicago publishers at 536 Lake Shore Drive, are bringing out this month. . . .

We saw *Peter B. Kyne* awhile ago in Leo's, below Fourteenth Street. But we didn't know at the moment that his one unfulfilled ambition is to write poetry, or we'd have tried to introduce ourself. Mr. Kyne doesn't look so tall beside a bar, but he looks just like his pictures. He has been in New York to see his physician—not Leo. Where we saw him he seemed to be endeavoring to escape from the carbon dioxide which he avers lies "like a blanket on the sultry air" in New York. Out west Kyne has an old cow partner, *Dean Duke*, with whom he owns a cattle ranch in Northern California. Duke inspires both Kyne and *Harry Leon Wilson* with stories. Part of the time Kyne lives in a high apartment house on one of the high hills of San Francisco. But he finds his ranch a more peaceful place in which to work despite his city view of the Bay. . . .

B. W. Huebsch, one of the directors of the Viking Press, has informed his firm from Germany that the next volume of *Arnold Zweig's* Grischa tetralogy will be ready for 1931 publication. In the meantime they are publishing an earlier Zweig novel, "Claudia." This is a modern love-story that sold over a hundred thousand copies in Germany. . . .

In 1842 *Lord Macaulay* offered the House of Longmans the copyright of his "Lays of Ancient Rome." But as soon as the first edition was exhausted the firm in fairness returned the copyright to the author. He had made no stipulation for any payment. The returns from Macaulay's "History of England" were so unprecedented that in March 1856, Longmans paid him twenty thousand pounds on account of the profits of the third and fourth volumes. Macaulay was a grand-uncle of the historian, *George Macaulay Trevelyan*, whose volume one of "England under Queen Anne" is appearing now from Longmans. His own 1926 "History of England" was a best-seller in London. And George's father was *Sir George Otto Trevelyan* who wrote "The American Revolution" in six volumes. And George's daughter will make her début as an historian in the spring with a study of William III and the defense of Holland. And Longmans publishes them all. What a family! . . . .

The *E. Nesbit* bumper book was put off till this month by Coward-McCann. It will now be the choice of the Junior Literary Guild. It is called "The Five Children," and, though these children are not related to the Bastable children their adventures are just as exciting. . . .

William Fitzgerald (no relation to Scott!), the author of the Southern novel, "Gentlemen All," is quoted as declaring that "the mint julep has done more damage down there than the boll weevil ever thought of!" . . .

We see that Richard R. Smith has *Ann Reid's* novel "Love Lies Bleeding," which we read in England. It's a good book. Miss Reid says that her favorite hobby is defending her husband, *Louis Marlow*, against the repeated attack that he is an imitator of Aldous Huxley. She hastens to assure us that Marlow had written (and even published in America) before Huxley had appeared in print at all. . . .

Do you know what country was the pattern for *Anthony Hope's* Zenda of "The Prisoner of Zenda?" Well, it was Liechtenstein, a tiny land tucked away in a mountain valley, sandwiched between Bavaria, Austria, and Switzerland. *Colonel E. Alexander Powell*, the popular travel writer, whose publisher is Ives Washburn, has recently been there and written home about it. He got a room in the local inn for sixty cents a night. . . .

Louis Untermeyer's two new chinchilla rabbits up on his variegated stock-farm are named as follows. The buck is named Rabbit Ben Ezra, and the female is called Pippa because she Passes the buck. . . .

The *Yale Review* annual award of two thousand dollars for the best article published in that periodical on national or international affairs, during the year, has gone this year to *André Siegfried*, the noted French economist, for his article "Will Europe Be Americanized?" which was published in the Spring number. Last year the award went to *George Young*, the British diplomatist and author. . . .

Well, well! We notice that Harper is bringing out a new edition of "Diddie, Dumps and Tot," by *L. C. Pyrnelle*, one of the favorite juveniles of our childhood, the fount of family quotation for two generations. "De l'l boy what God made done slip out de do'!" How we remember that, (we hope accurately!) and other moments. And we never hoped to recall the author's name. Who then *was* L. C. Pyrnelle? What else did he or she write? What was his or her history? "Diddie, Dumps and Tot" deserves to be an American children's classic for ages. It is in a class with *Habberton's* "Helen's Babies." How glad we are that it is again available! . . .

Alfred Kreymborg and his wife have sailed for England where Kreymborg will be a guest lecturer on American poetry at Oxford. After finishing his work there he and Mrs. Kreymborg plan to motor through England, spend the winter in France, and the spring in Italy and Germany. . . .

A. H. Reinhard of Mills College, California, is kind enough to send us another of those place names like Congruity, Pa., and Troublesome, Colorado. His announcement is that a certain bustling village in his bustling state calls itself Tranquillity, California. . . .

Zona Gale's latest book is a volume of short stories from Knopf entitled "Bridal Pond." The title story was included in the *O. Henry* Prize Stories for 1928 and some of the others have appeared in the leading magazines. . . .

John Cheever's article in the *New Republic* for October first, upon his expulsion from a Massachusetts academy at the end of his Junior year, is not really an article but a series of impressions. It is an unusual statement, it shows a real ability to write, it reveals a mind that does its own thinking, it has the ring of sincerity. Here are talent and observation that apparently demanded greater learning and intellectual honesty than they found. In the cog-wheels of a mechanical process of "education" they did not prove of the "run of the mill." Which is merely another proof that education should not be standardized and mechanized, and that the modern teacher must be entirely and actually abreast of the most intelligent thought of his time. Obviously there are more aspects to the problem than that of this one student's; but a lively, candid, young mind, articulate as in this instance and turned satiric at the start, simply through the process of keen observation, may well give the pedagogue pause.

Now, since *Frank Ernest Hill's* modernization of *Chaucer*, there's another version in modern English by *William Van Wyck* in an edition illustrated by *Rockwell Kent* and published by Covici-Friede, the edition designed and printed under the supervision of *S. A. Jacobs* in two folio volumes of 560 pages, 10x15. Nine hundred and ninety-nine copies of this book will be issued, of which nine hundred and twenty-four, each signed by Rockwell Kent, are for sale at $50 the copy, and seventy-five copies bound in full pigskin, each signed by Kent, and each containing an extra run of the illustrations printed in panels of five, each panel signed by Kent, will be for sale at $250 the copy. (The latter are completely sold out.) Van Wyck's is a complete rendering. . . .

THE PHŒNICIAN.

The AMEN CORNER

We have just extricated ourselves from the clutter of post-vacation mail, and have found one list of Fall Books that we hasten to recommend above all others. Its interesting paragraphs have evoked in us an inordinate eagerness to see some of the volumes and to own others. It is the Fall List of the Oxford University Press, New York.

We must hasten to add that we immediately rushed to 114 Fifth Avenue to see if some of the titles might have slipped into being. (Old acquaintance with this modest house has taught us that such things happen, and that some of the worthiest books of our generation enter the town unheralded by the Mayor's Reception Committee and Wall Street's ticker tapes.)

The Growth of the American Republic[1] is such a book, and, sure enough, we discovered it sunning itself in our favorite public library. This is a fascinating story of our cultural and national development up to the World War. It contains a wealth of local detail, one of its conspicuous excellencies being the fairest and most impartial account of the Civil War and Reconstruction Periods that we have ever read. The development of the Middle West and the Pacific Coast is, we believe, more thoroughly narrated here than in any other American history. And it is written by two of our foremost historians, Samuel Eliot Morison and Henry Steele Commager.

XXth Century Sculptors,[2] by Stanley Casson, and just published, is another that we could not resist buying for repeated reading at home. Its pithy accounts and estimates of the work of our most significant present-day sculptors are fascinating reading and, with the liberal number of illustrations of their best works, become the best guides we have seen on modern plastic art. Incidentally, Eric Gill has done a delightful woodcut for the title page.

Athletics of the Ancient World[3] is another book just out that has many appeals. It is the story of the origins of wrestling, boxing, football, polo, bull-fighting, etc. It is beautifully illustrated on almost every page, and interesting comparisons are made between the ancient athletic sculpture and that of our present-day Tait McKenzie. Its stories of sport include Chinese, Egyptian, Phœnician, Cretan, Greek, and Roman. You could think of no better Christmas gift book for the sportsman, artist, or classicist than this handsome volume.

The Wheel of Fire[4], by G. Wilson Knight, contains a remarkable series of Shakespearian studies. The preface by T. S. Eliot will interest collectors of that critic's works, and the whole book will reveal Shakespeare as few, if any, of us had the insight to see him.

These books, as we said above, we have seen and read, but the following titles, which have not yet appeared, will be well worth watching for.

Modern Universities: European and American, by Abraham Flexner, is, we are told, the most provocative analysis of the faults and failures of our American higher educational institutions that has come out.

One hundred per cent Nordic Americans will praise Thor for the arrival of a Later Testament in the form of *Leif Eriksson: Discoverer of America*. By this we do not mean that they will find any pseudo-patriotic bunk about the Chosen People of America. On the contrary, Mr. E. J. Gray has made a very careful examination of old Norse sagas and the New England Coast (taking his clue from Runic inscriptions he discovered upon "the Leif Rock") and shows that Martha's Vineyard (as Leif's headquarters) and Nantucket and Vineyard Sounds (as Straumfjord) are the scenes of some of the most stirring adventures of the Norsemen, and that their sagas recount a hitherto unknown chapter of American history. It is a masterpiece of scientific deduction that will amaze everyone interested in the European invasion of America.

Studies in Keats, by J. Middleton Murray, will include six studies supplementary to *Keats and Shakespeare*, which, when it appeared a few years ago, was called "the most remarkable criticism since Coleridge."

The Legacy of Arabia, the newest member of that fascinating series, will tell you what we owe to Arabia in literature, medicine, astronomy, law, language, etc. Each subject is dealt with by a specialist.

A Miniature History of Art, by R. H. Wilenski, with a chapter by E. A. Jewell, is a thumbnail sketch of art from cave paintings to Picasso. Its lists of works in the prominent American museums are practical guides to the best art in America.

If you have not yet seen this catalogue of books, we recommend that you send for one.

—THE OXONIAN.

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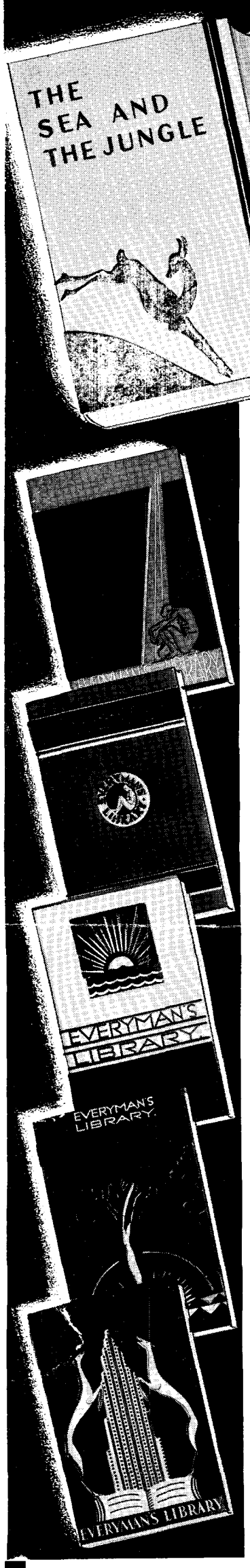

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